The Outlook

OCTOBER 16, 1918

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GERMANY'S EFFORT TO ESCAPE DEFEAT

Germany, by the hand of the Imperial Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, has sent to President Wilson through the Swiss Government the following request for an armistice:

> The German Government requests the President of the United States to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all the belligerent states of this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations.
>
> It accepts the programme set forth by the President of the United States in his Message to Congress on January 8 and in his later pronouncements, especially his speech of September 27, as a basis for peace negotiations.
>
> With a view to avoiding further bloodshed, the German Government requests the immediate conclusion of an armistice on land and water and in the air.

The Chancellor's note is dated October 6. On October 8 the President sent, also through the Swiss Legation in Washington, which has charge of German interests in the United States, the following reply:

> Before making reply to the request of the Imperial German Government, and in order that the reply shall be as candid and straightforward as the momentous interests involved require, the President of the United States deems it necessary to assure himself of the exact meaning of the note of the Imperial Chancellor. Does the Imperial Chancellor mean that the Imperial German Government accepts the terms laid down by the President in his address to the Congress of the United States on the 8th of January last and in subsequent addresses, and that its object in entering into discussions would be only to agree upon the practical details of their application?
>
> The President feels bound to say with regard to the suggestion of an armistice, that he would not feel at liberty to propose a cessation of arms to the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated against the Central Powers so long as the armies of those Powers are upon their soil. The good faith of any discussion would manifestly depend upon the consent of the Central Powers immediately to withdraw their forces everywhere from invaded territory.
>
> The President also feels that he is justified in asking whether the Imperial Chancellor is speaking merely for the constituted authorities of the Empire who have so far conducted the war. He deems the answer to these questions vital from every point of view.

One of the best comments which we have seen upon the Kaiser's request for an armistice appears in a large display advertisement printed in the daily papers of October 9 by the Liberty Loan Committee. It is so pertinent that we reprint it in full:

> We, Wilhelm II, by the Grace of God, King of Prussia and German Emperor, wishing to get away with the booty we have stolen from Belgium, France, Russia, Italy, Serbia, and Rumania, and
>
> Wishing to escape punishment for the crimes we have perpetrated on the Sea, on Land and in the Air, and
>
> Wishing to reorganize our armies for new and more terrible attacks upon the liberties of mankind,
>
> Do hereby proclaim to all the World that we are ready to TALK peace—but only to talk, in order that the free peoples of the World in alliance against us may be tricked into slackening their war efforts and quarreling amongst themselves.

The Liberty Loan Committee adds to the foregoing paraphrase of the Kaiser's peace pronunciamento the following words: "The Kaiser doesn't want peace—he wants time."

Very true. And unfortunately the President's reply gives him time. If Mr. Wilson had confined his response to the statement that he would not even transmit Germany's request to his Allies while German troops were on invaded soil, the entire allied world, we believe, would have been cheered and strengthened. As it is, the interrogation with which he concludes is vague, subject to varied interpretations, and has set the country to discussing and debating instead of inspiring it to more united and determined action. Suppose the German Chancellor should respectfully ask if President Wilson represents merely the Democratic party, would not the President reply that he represents the whole people of the United States, including the Democratic party? If the German Chancellor in like manner should respond to the President's request by saying, "I represent all the people of Germany, civilian and military," what will the President do then? Elsewhere in this issue is discussed editorially the question as to how the Allies should act in the face of Germany's proposal.

THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE GERMAN PEOPLE

The first effort in Germany's desperate attempt to escape defeat was directed toward her own people. It was an attempt to make them believe that Germany was to become democratic and that the voice of the people was to be heard in the councils of the imperialistic group of autocrats and militarists. The Kaiser himself intimated this in his letter accepting the resignation of Chancellor von Hertling when he invited the future co-operation in the Government of "men who have been borne up by the people's trust," and expressed a desire that "the German people shall co-operate more effectively than heretofore in deciding the fate of the Fatherland." Then came the appointment of the new Chancellor, Prince Maximilian of Baden, and the naming as Government Ministers without portfolio of a Socialist, Scheidemann, and of a member of the Centrist party, Groeber. Not one of these men or of the others proposed to be put forward to represent the people is free from governmental affiliations. Scheidemann, for instance, is described by one careful student of German politics as "a sort of stool-pigeon for the war party;" Groeber, as "a camouflage to make it appear that the Catholic party is solidly behind the Imperial war master;" Prince Maximilian, as "a middle-of-the-road man who might be counted upon to serve the Government's interests."

The new Chancellor is heir to the throne of Baden, has been known as a Moderate politically, and has in some cases opposed the extreme actions of the militarists and Pan-Germans. In an interview last winter he urged that Germany should not "renounce the position of being a world moral factor," and that it should "strive for a renunciatory peace." But he also charged the Allies with an "unmerciful will to destroy." There is no sound reason to believe that the new Chancellor will differ from his predecessors in doing the will of his Imperial master. A German Chancellor in no sense represents the people. He can hold his office only so long as he conforms to the Imperial will. Prince Maximilian's first official address to the Reichstag was an expansion of the Emperor's letter to von Hertling, quoted above. It was a bid for support from all German parties, as when he said: "Only when our enemies feel that the German people stand united back of their chosen leaders, then only can words become deeds." But, as a matter of fact, the request for an armistice was made without the slightest attempt to consult the German people.

THE LIBERTY LOAN

A reader calls our attention to a poem by Kenneth Groesbeck which appeared in our valiant and effective pro-Ally contemporary "Life" in its issue of April 11, 1918. It was read, he says, from the pulpit by the minister of his church on a recent

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Sunday in an appeal for the Liberty Loan, and he asks if we do not think it especially appropriate at this time. We do, and are therefore glad to print it here:

"Over in France where the death shells scream
The boys are fighting as in a dream;
A glorious dream of blood and hell,
While I stay at home and prosper well.

Over in France they are dying now
Like red earth turned by a giant plow;
They are going across with a smile for me,
While I stay home in security.

Over in France the gas clouds roll
And the shower of steel is taking its toll;
The flag drives on, but the boys lie still,
While I live on and eat my fill.

Great God in heaven, in whom we trust,
Turn the food in my throat to dust
If I miss one chance that may come to me
To bring them home with the victory!"

A FINE EXAMPLE

Nothing can be more dignified and honorable than a frank retraction of a view of important public questions once honestly held but later reversed through enlightenment and conviction. An inspiring example of this fine spirit was seen in the address by Vice-President Marshall when the beautiful Altar of Liberty was dedicated to the work of the Liberty Loan campaign in New York City. Mr. Marshall minced no words and made no evasions in declaring his utter change of feeling about the war. He said: "I come here to make an apology for my attitude during almost two years and a half of that fateful conflict; an apology that a God-fearing man in the twentieth century of civilization could have dreamed that any nation, any man, could be neutral when right was fighting with the wrong."

The reasons that had caused Vice-President Marshall's change of feeling were stated by him with force and energy, and made a powerful plea for pushing the war to the utmost. He had found that while he once thought that it was the German rulers only that were responsible, he now knew that it was the system of statecraft and the philosophy of the entire people. He proclaimed that our fight is not for military glory, nor for territory, nor for punishment, but to wipe out the idea that strength is the only thing in life. Therefore he eloquently declared:

> I want this fight to go on to the end. No compromise. No secret treaty. I want the Senate of the United States to remove the ban of secrecy from the discussion of peace questions so that this people may know what their representatives propose to do. I want this peace, when it is made, to represent the high ideals, the lofty aspirations, and the sacrificial spirit of the whole American people.

The entire address rang with conviction and earnestness. The American people will hold a higher opinion of their Vice-President's force of character because of this honorable and patriotic avowal.

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE

Probably most thoughtful Americans have wondered what will be the condition of our public industries, such as our food, our fuel, and our transportation, when this war comes to its end. It is neither probable that all Government regulation will be abandoned nor that there will be no resumption of individual industry in free production and traffic. Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, with the approval of his Republican colleagues, has proposed a bill creating a National commission of twelve members, bipartisan in its character, to investigate this interesting and important question and report the result of its investigation for the benefit of Congress. This Commission will be composed of members of Congress and will be responsible to the Congress which created it. His proposal has been followed by another, introduced by Mr. Overman, of North Carolina, it is understood, at the request of the President of the United States, for the creation of a commission of five members to be appointed by the President by and with the advice of the Senate. The proposed Overman Bill enacts:

> That it shall be the duty of the commission to examine into the problems and conditions that are arising out of the war and that may arise out of the transition of the economic, industrial, and social life of the Nation from a state of war to a state of peace; and, with a view to meeting so far as possible such problems and conditions before their solution is actually forced upon the Government, the commission shall report to Congress from time to time the results of such investigations, with recommendations for new and additional legislation.

The difference between these two plans is greater than at first sight may appear to the reader. Under the first plan the commission created by Congress will act as a representative of Congress. Under the second, the commission appointed by the President will act as a representative of the President. The real question is, Shall Congress or the President initiate the necessary legislation? Some light may be thrown on this subject by an interesting parallel furnished by the legislative methods of Germany. Germany has a Senate, or Bundesrath, and a House of Representatives, or Reichstag. The Bundesrath is composed of delegates appointed by the princes of the states and the senates of the free cities. Says A. Lawrence Lowell in his work on "Governments and Parties in Continental Europe:" "It [the Bundesrath] has the first and last word on almost all the laws, for . . . by far the larger part of the statutes are prepared and first discussed by the Bundesrath. . . . They are again submitted to the Bundesrath for approval before they are promulgated by the Emperor."

Thus the Bundesrath has the power to initiate and the power to veto legislation. Mr. Overman's proposed bill would give to the President of the United States, so far as reconstructive legislation is concerned, the same power which is given by the German Constitution to the Bundesrath. Through the commission which he would appoint, and would therefore be able to control, he would have power to frame such legislation as he thought to be for the interest of the country, and he would have power under the Constitution to veto any proposals coming through or independently of his commission which he thought disadvantageous. Congress would practically be confined to legislative approval or disapproval of such legislation as the President saw fit to initiate. What Mr. Lowell says of the Bundesrath might, if the President's plan is adopted by Congress, be said with equal justice of the President: "The Bundesrath may therefore be said to be not only a part of the legislature, but the main source of legislation." So radical a change in the Constitutional ideals of our fathers ought not to be adopted without very serious consideration.

AN ECONOMIC GENERALISSIMO?

Last July Lord Robert Cecil outlined a plan for an economic association of the twenty-three nations comprising the Entente Allies. Lord Robert referred to President Wilson's speech of January 8, in which the removal, as far as possible, of all economic barriers among those nations was advocated.

Later in the summer Mr. Stettinius, then Second Assistant Secretary of War, went abroad in the interest of our Government to further the Allies' economic correlation. For such a task perhaps no man is his superior; his record as the Allies' purchasing agent in this country and later as the manager of munitions production for the War Department leaves little room for doubt.

It is therefore a satisfaction for those of us who believe that, having unified military control, we should have unified economic control, to learn that such control has been decided upon. It will be co-ordinated with finance through the Inter-Allied Finance Commission; with shipping, through the Inter-Allied Shipping Council; and with export and import relations, through an Inter-Allied Board made up of representatives of our War Trade Board and the corresponding boards in the other Allied Governments. In the same way munitions, food, fuel, and other materials and commodities for the prosecution of the war are to be dealt with. Already we see what can be done with such commodities as nitrates, tungsten, and tin, international pooling agreements for which have recently been

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effected. The same should apply also to iron and steel and the non-ferrous metals, to hides and leather, to rubber and wool, and to all other raw materials or manufactured products of which there may be a shortage, or where competitive and shipping conditions and the local production and distribution situation make it desirable. Hence, subordinate to the Inter-Allied councils, commodity committees are being organized. While the Inter-Allied councils are composed of men of cabinet rank, the commodity committees will be made up of men of lesser position but each an expert in his particular commodity.

The completion of such a common economic and industrial programme doubtless implies co-ordination of effort by a Supreme Economic Council. Whether, following the military example, it should include or not a supreme economic generalissimo remains to be seen.

WAR DANGERS AT HOME

It is no exaggeration to say that the devastation and dangers of war were endured for two days in New Jersey on October 5 and 6. The explosions at an immense munition works at Morgan, on the edge of the town of South Amboy, made the havoc of the Black Tom disaster seem insignificant. It is believed at this writing that something less than a hundred lives were lost, but there is no exact knowledge as to this or as to the number of maimed and injured persons. Most of those directly injured were employees engaged in the workrooms when the first explosion took place, about eight o'clock on Friday evening. But the suffering and loss were by no means confined to those actually injured. Not only in Morgan itself, but in South Amboy, and to some extent in Perth Amboy, houses were shattered, people were driven out of their homes, and many hundreds spent the night in the streets watching for each flash of light which heralded a new explosion, cowering on the ground as the concussion reached them a few seconds later. The next day, Saturday, many thousands of the people living near by the explosion were obliged to seek refuge in towns and cities within a radius of fifteen miles. It is to the honor and credit of the military, police, and civil authorities that the stricken and bombarded towns were guarded with the utmost rapidity and efficiency. Firemen from near and far braved the dangers of death to limit the explosions to as small an area as the conditions made possible. Hospitals were crowded; armories, schools, churches, and private homes were thrown open to receive the refugees, many of whom had fled from their houses with only blankets wrapped around them and were not allowed to go back into the houses because of the danger.

In short, northern New Jersey for two days knew what it was to hear the crash of high explosives and the rumble of shells, to look for the lists of dead and wounded, to see the roads filled with homeless refugees, and to feel for a little time and in a limited way as the people of our French and Belgian allies feel constantly when war is close upon them.

As with the Black Tom disaster, these frightful explosions near South Amboy raise the question whether all is done that can be done to make safe the manufacture, transportation, and handling of high explosives—incidentally, it might be well to ask whether the ordinances and laws adopted after the Black Tom explosion are strictly enforced. Every one realizes that civilians must bear some risk of danger and death in war time. The workers in plants where high explosives are made or shells are filled with them know the danger, and it is certain that patriotic motives as well as high wages urge them to take this risk. They are doing a necessary and important work. All the more they should be protected, and so should residents in the near-by country and travelers on the railways which carry these explosives. The famous TNT (short for trinitrotoluol) is terrifically dangerous, for it explodes if it reaches a certain high temperature. The magazines in which it is kept are usually deeply buried, sometimes surrounded by water, always carefully guarded as to the approaches, and only the quantity actually needed is taken out from time to time with exceeding great caution. It is understood that no large magazine of TNT exploded at Morgan; bad as the casualties were, they would have been immensely increased if that had been the case. The factories involved were carried on by the firm of T. A. Gillespie & Co., who were loading high-explosive shells for the United States Government on a very large scale. It is said that the plant cost $18,000,000, and that it was loading 30,000 shells a day. Yet so great is the total production in this country that the loss by explosion will not seriously cripple our supply of ammunition for the present or future.

How the calamity had its origin is not known. Searching investigation should throw some light on this question. The criticism has been made with considerable apparent force that the many separate buildings of the plant were not as far apart as they should have been to prevent the spreading of the danger from one to another. The right theory in the manufacture of explosives is that there should be many separate, low, lightly constructed buildings placed so far apart that an explosion in one will not endanger the others. If it is true that convenience and efficiency rather than absolute safety governed the ground plan of the works at Morgan, it surely ought to be seen to that the reconstruction (which began before the danger was fairly over) should take this into account.

The great lesson of the calamity is that Governmental and civil authorities should do every conceivable thing that may serve to safeguard communities near such plants and the lives and homes of those engaged in the work. Risks must be taken, but not recklessly or contrary to law.

THE WAR: GAINS AND INDICATIONS OF VICTORY

The week ending on October 8 recorded continued movement on all the battle-lines of the Allies. The gains, while not sensational in territory, afford new vantage-grounds for pressure upon the enemy's strongholds so threatening that the opinion increases that a general withdrawal of forces is imminent. Indeed, rumors affirm that a quarrel has taken place between Hindenburg and the Kaiser on this very question, and that Hindenburg has been forced to retire from active control because he insisted upon the immediate necessity of such a withdrawal.

On the western front an advance of the French northward and westward from Rheims has not only cleared that city from the German shell fire it has endured so long, but has broken a German front fourteen miles northwest of Rheims on the river Aisne. The advance was marked by the French occupation of Berry-au-Bac. This and other advances which have outflanked the Chemin des Dames defenses have thrown into immediate danger the central stronghold of the Germans in this part of the country, Laon. It is reported as we write that the Germans have fired Laon and that they are on the point of withdrawing. The French have also advanced well beyond St. Quentin. Americans have backed up French efforts and have maintained their gain of ground in the section just west of Verdun.

The British continued during the week to hammer the German lines north and south of Cambrai; they took many thousands of prisoners, and are endangering vital German communications. The Belgian sea bases will not much longer be tenable by the Germans. A thrust towards Lille may cause the evacuation of that city. The American Twenty-seventh Division fought with the British in the attacks northwest of St. Quentin and the men acquitted themselves finely. At one time it was feared that a large section of this division had been trapped and cut off, but the units involved fought their way back through the Germans, while other units which had been apparently missing were found to have joined with the Australians and pushed forward independently of the division.

General d'Esperey's army is gathering up the fruits of its victory in Macedonia and Serbia. It appears to be drawing close to Nish. Nowhere so far has it met serious resistance from Austrian or German forces. It is even reported that Germany and Austria are withdrawing their army from northern Bulgaria at Bulgaria's demand. No doubt, if this is true, it means a concentration of German forces in Rumania. The abdication of Ferdinand in Bulgaria (there are amusing rumors that he proposes to take up the study of botany) and the accession of Crown Prince Boris to the throne were followed by a decree of King Boris dissolving the Bulgarian army and by the withdrawal of Ferdinand from the country. The whole royal episode reminds one of what took place in Greece when Constantine fell.

The occupation of Damascus by General Allenby's army and

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the surrender to him there of seven thousand prisoners was a foreseen consequence of the destruction of the Turkish armies. The indications are that the British advance from Palestine to Aleppo and from Mesopotamia to Aleppo will soon become an accomplished fact. On October 9 a French naval division entered Beirût, the chief seaport of Syria, fifty-seven miles northwest of Damascus. It was received, the despatches say, with indescribable enthusiasm. British naval forces may at any time enter the harbors of Beirût and Alexandretta.

By the Italian attack upon the Austrian naval base at Durazzo, on the Adriatic (just north of that part of the line in the Balkans held by Italian troops), Austrian naval effort in the Adriatic has received a serious blow, as it did before when Pola's harbor was entered and battleships were destroyed. It is interesting to note that in the attack upon Durazzo the Italians were aided by American submarine chasers as well as by British warships. The victory at Durazzo is of great value in all the future military activities of the Allies in the Balkans.

THE VICTOR OF THE BALKANS

To many Americans the name of General Franchet d'Esperey was little known when, only the other day, it sprang into fame and honor because of the sweeping victory in Macedonia attained by the forces under his supreme command. To Frenchmen, however, and to others who have followed the history of the war closely, General d'Esperey was already known as a commander of attainments and genius. An interesting account of his career and personality from the pen of M. Stéphane Lauzanne, the editor of the Paris "Matin," was lately published in the New York "Times." His victories date back as far as 1914. Indeed, he won two notable victories within a single month in that year. At Charleroi he protected the flank of the retreating French and British with extraordinarily brilliant attacks, and actually drove back across the Meuse a German division which was in the full flood of success. As a result of this defeat of the Saxon army, its general, von Hausen, lost his command, and General d'Esperey became known as the only British or French general who won a victory at Charleroi. At the first battle of the Marne, less than a month later, General d'Esperey gained laurels when he threw his forces with fury against the left wing of von Kluck's army and the right wing of von Bülow's army (both were facing him), drove a wedge between the two armies, threw them into disorder, and the next day saw them in retreat. Thereafter he became a commander of armies instead of army corps.

When General d'Esperey was placed in command of all the Allied armies on the Salonika front last June, that front seemed almost dead, so long had it been devoid of action. Whether his predecessor, General Sarrail, had allowed this inaction because of necessary military reasons, or because of the terrible physical obstacles to an advance, or because of a temperamental tendency to delay, or for other causes, is not certainly known. There have been some strange but unconfirmed rumors that his retirement was forced. At all events, after a period of preparation the dead Balkan front became alive with energy. General d'Esperey's plan of attack was as brilliant, as unexpected, and as carefully thought out as the plans with which General Foch on the western front has astonished the world. What seemed at first to be a local advance on a limited front became with astonishing rapidity a frightful wedge driven deep between Bulgarian armies. It cut one army in two when the Serbians and French crossed the Vardar; it left the western section of the Bulgarian forces outflanked and helpless. It may be that its success was favored by the political and economic uneasiness of Bulgaria and the desire of its rulers to "get out from under" the threatening German collapse. But it was no less one of the most notable victories of the war, and its results are sure to reach far beyond the surrender of Bulgaria. It is to General d'Esperey that the Allies owe it that they once more have a strong fighting eastern front.

Although General d'Esperey is comparatively a young man, his career, from the time when he was a commander in Algeria, down through the great campaigns of the present war in Belgium, at the Marne, on the Somme, on the Aisne, and in the Champagne district, has been marked with frequent military exploits of the highest value. Personally he is not only a brave soldier and wise commander, but a man of wide human sympathy. M. Lauzanne tells us: "General Franchet d'Esperey does not only know how to deal with earth and cannon; he also knows how to deal with men. He can make his soldiers do anything, because he knows how to talk to them; he has the ready word that wins the heart of the trooper, and to-day it is with the heart as much as with muscle that battles are won." A portrait of General d'Esperey appears on page 261.

A TURNING-POINT IN JAPAN

Kei-Hara, the new Japanese Premier, is sixty-four years old. A portrait appears on another page. He was born of an unaristocratic family in the northeastern part of Japan. He embraced journalism as a profession, ultimately controlling some influential daily newspapers. He became prominent in the leadership of the political party called the Seiyu-kai (the Political Friends Association), organized by Prince Ito, occupied many diplomatic offices at home and abroad, and was repeatedly a member of various Cabinets, first as Minister of Communications, and then repeatedly as Home Minister. In addition to his Premiership in the new Cabinet he retains the portfolio of Minister of Justice.

Mr. Hara is the present leader of the Seiyu-kai, often called the Constitutional party, although another is the Doshi-kai (the Constitutional Friends Association), organized by Prince Katsura. That statesman preceded Marquis Okuma as Premier, and Okuma preceded Count Terauchi, the Prime Minister who has just resigned. Okuma was a Liberal and Terauchi the representative of the Genro, or Elder Statesmen, who hold themselves above any political party and are, in the best sense, Conservatives.

Next in importance among Japanese political parties seems to be the Kensei-kai (Liberal), made up of members of the lower house of the Japanese Parliament, who supported the Okuma Cabinet.

The Seiyu-kai is the first of these organizations to achieve the distinction of having all the civilian members of any Cabinet (the War and Navy Ministers are not civilians) affiliated with one political party. And that party is itself. The great obstacle to such a victory has been the Genro, not so much because it has been reactionary—for it often has not been so—as because of its immense prestige, gained by its astute administrations. Latterly, it is true, these have not always been in exact line with all its views—as, for instance, the Okuma Cabinet—and thus liberalism has made itself felt in Cabinet circles. But in the main the Genro has carried out its intentions.

The ultimate blow to its authority occurred in 1868, when, on his accession to the throne, the late Emperor Mutsuhito swore an oath foreshadowing more popular government, followed twenty-two years later by the proclamation of a Constitution and the appointing of the Imperial Diet or Parliament. Nearly three decades of struggle between bureaucracy and liberalism were to follow.

According to the Japanese Constitution, Cabinet Ministers take their mandates from the throne, and their tenure of office depends solely upon the Emperor's will. Strict constructionists, like the late Premier, contended that party government has no place in the purview of the Constitution, that the appointment of Ministers rests entirely with the sovereign, and no other power has the right to interfere with it. Liberal constructionists, however, like the present Premier, contended that the Cabinet should represent only that party having the majority in the Diet. As time went on, the strict constructionist party grew smaller and the liberal constructionist party larger, for experience showed that a majority of the lower house—whose members are elected directly by the people—could withhold approval of Cabinet measures. Party government has now definitely triumphed. While responsible to the Emperor in all formal ways, the Cabinet has now become really responsible not only to the people but to a definite party of the people.

THE SIBERIAN ISSUE

Whatever be the ultimate cause of the Japanese Cabinet change, two events may have proximately influenced it. The first was the recent rice riot. It appears that rice had been

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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"COME IN OUT OF THE RAIN!"

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post Dispatch

"BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE"

THE CHANGED SITUATION ON THE EASTERN FRONT

Knott in the Dallas News

HE'LL NOT BE GONE LONG

UNCLE SAM GETTING MONEY FOR THE DRIVE TO BERLIN

Ireland in the Columbus Evening Dispatch

"NO MATTER HOW I FIX IT, THE TAIL ALWAYS STICKS OUT"

HE CAN'T CAMOUFLAGE THE REPTILE

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cornered by a group of interests, and that conditions of inflation, not only with regard to rice but also to other commodities, brought about an unprecedented high cost of living. About this time there were rumors that the Terauchi Government's attitude towards profiteering was entirely too complaisant.

The second event was the question of Siberian intervention. This turns out to be less of an influence than has been popularly supposed. In the opinion of trusted Japanese observers in this country, the course which Japan has taken in co-operation with the United States will not be affected by a Cabinet change. Japan's foreign policy seems indeed fundamentally settled, no matter what Cabinet is in power. The principles of that policy are the maintenance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, friendship with America, and cordial relations with China and Russia.

The question of our course in Siberia therefore becomes all the more a responsible matter for us Americans. It should mean the making of Siberia. It should not mean any breaking between Japan and America, but a strengthening of friendly relations. Properly ordered and extended, it should also result in Russia's salvation, delivering her not only from the German yoke but from the even more dreadful yoke imposed upon her by some insane people of her own race.

The repercussion of such work upon home politics, whether in Japan, America, or Europe, cannot fail, we believe, to repeat the benefit which England experienced through a similar forward policy in India over a century ago.

BLOCK PARTIES

Recently there has swept through the city of New York and across the river into Brooklyn and down along the neighboring towns of Long Island a kind of war-time entertainment called a block party.

A block party is one where the neighbors, especially the people belonging to that particular street which is to hold the festivity, give a party along a specified block in their immediate vicinity. The street is roped off for the entertainment, and the crowds mass along the sidewalks. Usually there is a procession first; sometimes several persons dressed to impersonate various great leaders for liberty ride large truck horses, who in turn are decorated to look as though they were gay and dashing and uncontrollable.

The big event of a block party is the raising of a Service Flag with the stars representing the sons of the neighbors who have gone from that block. This is raised while the band plays "Over There" and the great crowd cheers.

But though this is the main event of the evening, "The Star-Spangled Banner" is played first while the American flag is raised and the people stand at attention. Then follow the national anthems of the various Allied Powers while their flags are raised to wave over the block along lines strung from a high window on one side of the street across to the other side.

The block upon which the party is being given is gayly decorated with bunting of all colors, with little flags of all the Allies, with colored lights and lanterns and streamers of ribbons and bright-colored materials.

After the ceremony of the raising of the flags is over a dance takes place. The couples dance in the center of the street, for which they are charged a small sum, and this money is contributed to various war-time activities, such as the Smoke Fund for the boys abroad, the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., comfort kits, or other patriotic purposes. The expense of the block party is covered by a small, very small portion of this, as the parties are gay and vivid in appearance but cheap in expenditures.

Old and young gather at these parties. They are given in all neighborhoods. And in some of the poorest of neighborhoods they make their dingy streets and barren-looking tenement buildings so changed and so different in appearance that street after street looks as though it had been given over entirely for a street carnival, and as though no poverty or dirt could be behind it all.

The parties are given by all races. There are some where every face seen is of a foreign cast. There are Italians, who revel in block parties; there are Irish, who love these neighborly, sociable affairs; there are Jews of all nationalities; and there are Americans who have before been stiff with their neighbors but now enjoy block parties.

In the block parties the young and the old, the American born and the American naturalized, are getting together to cheer for the boys who have gone, to keep up the spirit of those who are left, and to unite with their neighbors in a general feeling of unity and patriotism.

OIL IN MEXICO

The American and British fighting fleets need oil. They can get much of their supply in this country. But not all. The other oil resources being closed to them, they must get the balance in Mexico, and it is a curious coincidence that American and British interests own most of the Mexican oil properties. Long since Germany foresaw the present situation. How could she prevent the oil owners from realizing the value of their properties?

Over a year ago the Carranza Government established a new Constitution in Mexico. One of its paragraphs declared that the direct ownership of certain products, including petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid, or gaseous, was vested in the Mexican nation. But how to deal with vested rights? Why, impose licenses on them, requiring heavy rentals, and levy confiscatory taxes. This was done. The American and British Governments protested, on the ground that spoliation of property has always been regarded as affording internationally a basis of interposition. The Mexican Government, nothing daunted, thereupon went a step further. It decreed that upon the failure of the oil companies to submit to the new taxation the Government might seize their lands. The companies refused to submit, and relied, as before, on protection from their Governments. Those Governments had already called Carranza's attention to the necessity which might arise to impel them to protect the property of their citizens in Mexico. Finally, on August 12, Carranza, in effect, canceled his second decree. It still remains to be seen what he will do with the first.

These disturbed conditions call renewed attention to the general situation in Mexico.

Many people there suspect that Carranza is pro-German. Some feel that, had he dared, Carranza would have declared himself more openly than he has done. Nor can the press be said to be aggressively anti-German; certainly, despite the disclaimer of Señor Cabrera, formerly the Mexican Finance Minister, a part of the Mexican press has been spreading a malicious anti-American propaganda. It has been noted that when a pro-Ally paper becomes influential something is apt to happen to the editor; for instance, it is said that one editor who was doing good work in fighting the pro-German propaganda was given twenty-four hours to leave the country after he had intimated that certain Deputies were receiving German money.

As for the capital, it is again much as it has been in normal times, except that the present Government has taken over many beautiful old churches and has turned them into printing offices, garages, and storehouses. A peculiarly brutal and unnecessary act was that of Carranza's generals on entering the city the last time, namely, that of cutting down all the trees in front of the Cathedral; the Plaza Mayor is now a glaring square of sun-heated cement. The ostensible reason given for cutting down the trees was to show the architecture of the Cathedral; the real reason was to sell the wood for fuel.

As for the unrest in the provinces, we need but note the fact that Chihuahua, Morales, and several other States are still out of communication with the Central Government. For over three years there have been no trains from the capital to such an important city as Cuernavaca, for instance. Zapata has a kind of kingdom of his own in the surrounding territory. Yet Cuernavaca is only forty miles south of Mexico City.

Despite all this, Americans who have lived long in Mexico believe that a period of absolute peace, together with the re-establishment both of communications and confidence, would bring Mexico to its rightful position as one of the most prosperous countries in the world.

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SURRENDER—NOT PROMISED BUT ACTUAL

ON the western front the news has been glorious and inspiriting. The armies of liberty are proving stronger than the armies of tyranny and plunder. Those who once doubted whether a victory at arms was possible doubt no longer. Victory, though it may not be near, is in sight.

Nevertheless the cause of the Allies during all the four years of war has never faced a graver peril than that which is confronting it in these very days of victory. Other perils have been averted, and this peril can be. It is not a peril to fear but to withstand. It is one that has been foreseen. It is occasioned not by force, but by subtlety. It comes not from Germany's military strength, but from her weakness. It is directed not against the bodies of the soldiers of the Allied nations, but against the souls of their peoples. It is the peril of the German peace offensive.

Germany has proposed in brief, not to accept President Wilson's suggested terms of peace, but to enter into a discussion on the basis of those terms. She has even indicated some so-called concessions which she says she is willing to make. She talks as if she really wanted to stop the fighting and enter into negotiations. We do not believe that Germany expected her proposals to be entertained. They certainly will not be. As with one voice, the newspapers and public men of America, as well as of France and England, have expressed their scorn of any discussion of terms with Germany. Everywhere there is the demand for but one thing—"unconditional surrender." Nobody of any influence, so far as we have heard, has intimated that we are ready to negotiate with the Hun. So far all seems safe. In all this there is no sign of peril.

It is beneath all this that the peril lurks.

Suppose, in answer to the Allies' scornful rejection of the German proposal for a discussion of peace terms, Germany should say, "Well, since you will not discuss it, and since I want the slaughter to cease, I promise to surrender." Suppose Germany should send delegates, consisting of so-called German liberals, to some point where they could meet representatives of the Allied Governments, and should bid these delegates to say, "We throw up our hands. We will demobilize our army. We will submit to your terms. What is your answer?" If that should happen, then the real peril would appear. It is not impossible that under such circumstances there would be many thousands in the Allied countries who would say, "We have won our victory. Let us make peace."

What Germany might do Bulgaria has done; and there are newspapers that are saying that we want from Germany a Bulgarian capitulation. Though, to our discredit, we did not make war upon the nation in the Balkans that has gloried in imitating the Prussian, our people have hailed the surrender of Bulgaria as if she had been our enemy. It has even been said that by remaining on friendly terms with those who have raped and outraged and looted and devastated Serbia we have brought about the victory over Bulgaria, as if the brave men, the unconquerable Serbians, the French, the British, and those Greeks who kept their faith, had, by splitting the Bulgarian army in two, done nothing. We have no reason for taking credit for this victory; but we have very good reason for rejoicing in it. We have still more reason for being on our guard against counting it as a precedent. Bulgaria has not yet surrendered. She has promised to surrender, and she is in process of surrendering. Her surrender will be complete and satisfactory only when her armies are demobilized and disarmed, the Austrians and Germans and Turks that are in her territory are out of it, and the Allies are in control of her Government. Even then her surrender may be incomplete, for there are pro-German Bulgarians who must be rendered powerless. It may have been wise for the military authorities of the Allies in the Balkans to accept Bulgaria's promise; for they may have known that they had power to enforce it. But to take the Bulgarian promise of surrender as a model of what we want from Germany is to incur the gravest of perils.

We do not want words from Germany—not even words of surrender. We have had enough of Germany's words. When Grant accepted and returned Lee's sword, he was dealing with an honorable man. We must not lose sight of the fact that our foe is not a Lee, but is the Hun. We want no proposal from Germany, no statement of terms, no promise of any kind whatsoever. Germany is most dangerous when she cries, "*Kamerad!*" She has taught her soldiers to raise their hands in surrender, and then when our fire is withheld to shoot from pistols hidden in the palms of their hands. What she has taught her soldiers to do she is ready to do herself. We want no cry of surrender; we want action. We want her armies withdrawn from occupied France, from Alsace and Lorraine, from Belgium and Luxemburg, from Poland, the Ukraine, Rumania, and wherever else they have gone in search of conquest. We want her to put her arms and her munitions into the possession of the Allies. We want her to open the door to Berlin. We want her, not to say that she will do these things, but we want her to do them. The world will not be "safe for democracy" until Germany is put under a guardian. The victory will not be won until the lands she has occupied are evacuated, her military forces and instruments are in possession of the free peoples of the world, her leaders are in the custody of those they have tried to subjugate, and her whole land is placed under a receivership. It will be better for her if she proceeds to see that these things are done voluntarily, for there is no other way by which she can obtain mercy. If she does not do this of her own accord, she must be made to do it. Then, whether Germany voluntarily surrenders or not, the "peace conference" will be one attended only by representatives of the Allies, and the terms it will reach will be those it dictates.

THE Y. M. C. A. REINTERPRETS RELIGION

If a hundred years hence a scholar shall write a history of religion with particular reference to the latter half of the nineteenth century, he will probably characterize that period as the renascence of social service. He will note that the roots of the movement were in Kingsley and Maurice, but that the early efforts were confused and uncertain—chiefly adventures through settlement houses in slums, institutional churches, the introduction of psychology and sociology into theological seminaries, and all kinds of abortive and conflicting campaigns to abolish the sale of intoxicating liquors. He will also tell of the rise of the Young Men's Christian Association as a potential organization which never really found itself until the outbreak of the war for democracy, or the People's War. His studies will be concluded with the statement that the years 1850–1900 formed a threshold period, in which there was an almost imperceptible diminishing of dogmatic and sectarian emphasis, leading up to the period of 1900–1950, in which all the churches, by tacit consent, found their way back to Christ's dominating thought of the kingdom of God on earth and united their vital energies to a realization of that ideal.

Religious manifestations are almost entirely a matter of emphasis; fundamental ideas rarely change. And there is more than sufficient in the life of Jesus Christ to warrant the application of religion to almost every phase of social and industrial activity. No better example of the new emphasis can be found than the Y. M. C. A. If studied as an example of the reinterpretation of religion, that organization must yield very fruitful results.

Born in the years when church life was emphatically evangelical, the Y. M. C. A. was at first a mere echo of prevailing belief, with a few mild social features to make it more attractive to young men. Slowly those social features expanded until they became educational and economic factors in many communities. The local Y. M. C. A. grew into a club, an athletic association, a combination of school and college, a playhouse, an experiment in housing, a laboratory, and a clinic where prevailing ideas were examined and applied. But the Y. M. C. A. still rested upon a rather narrow religious foundation—the evangelical test. No one can doubt that the aggregate good accomplished by the local associations was very considerable, particularly in strengthening the character and increasing the industrial efficiency of vast numbers of boys and men.

The People's War put every belief, habit, institution, and

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organization into the crucible; many have been melted utterly, some have been changed almost beyond recognition, a few have come forth strengthened and enriched. In the first three years of the struggle, while the United States was masquerading in a most uncomfortable and non-moral neutrality, the Y. M. C. A. concentrated its work upon the prison camps of Europe, in which it rendered a service since obscured by its audacious enterprises for our American troops. Experiments in the Spanish-American and Russo-Japanese Wars had given the Association the clue—hardly more than that. In scores of camps, cantonments, training stations, and posts the Y. M. C. A. began to serve the soldiers and sailors upon an unparalleled scale. In its huts men found a link with the civil life from which they had been torn, and thus military training was robbed of its power to militarize the normal man. The Y. M. C. A. was bent upon preserving the full humanity of the citizen while at the same time increasing his efficiency as a soldier. The success was beyond dispute, and is still increasing.

When our troops began to move overseas, the Y. M. C. A. endeavored never to lose contact with them. Its secretaries accompanied them on the troop trains, braved the ocean with them on the transports, met them on the docks at the ports of debarkation, furnished large huts and canteens for them in the camps at the back of the lines, opened hotels and clubs for officers and enlisted men in the large cities, marched and messed and slept with them in the trenches and on the field of battle, took over the work of running the holiday areas for men on leave, opened thousands of canteens or village stores in such places as American units might be found, provided all the writing facilities and material by means of which a million or more letters are sent home every week, arranged for constant entertainment of a wholesome but popular kind and thus shielded the Army from gross temptation by the law of legitimate preoccupation, instituted an educational system which ranged all the way from kindergarten classes for illiterates to post-graduate studies for university graduates, became banker and broker for constantly moving troops in a strange land, found or created all the necessary implements of sport for the stationary units, sent throughout France hundreds of the most distinguished preachers, lecturers, and actors of America—these and a hundred other things the Y. M. C. A. is doing for our men in foreign service, not only in France but in England, Italy, and Russia. It is applied religion—the religion of friendship, of helpfulness, of sympathy, of comradeship—upon a scale so vast that it is staggering, among conditions so changeful that they are bewildering, and with thought of self-glory or self-reward so unnoticeable that it is divine.

There are branches or outreachings of the Y. M. C. A. which lie far beyond the ken of the ordinary man, but which have a military and international significance that only years of careful observation and patient study will be able to appraise. The millions of dollars spent in delicate and skillful service among the French and Italian troops, the liberal financial help rendered to the overwhelmed British Y. M. C. A., the far-flung outposts of Y. M. C. A. unselfishness in Mesopotamia, Macedonia, Palestine, Albania, and Belgium—these are woven into the morale of the fighting units and the civilian populations of a dozen of our allies, and must be a part, a vital and indispensable part, of the story of the winning of the People's War.

Doubtless there have been mistakes enough; any eye-witness can point out flaws of administration, faulty execution, mistaken direction, and deficiencies in human and material equipment; nevertheless it remains true and beyond cavil that the Y. M. C. A. is rendering a service of the utmost importance and in a manner worthy of unstinted praise. Our soldiers, and those of nearly all the Allies, fight more valiantly because the Y. M. C. A. ministers to their multitudinous needs, and those soldiers will return to their homes and loved ones and to their civil pursuits much stronger and cleaner men in body, mind, and soul because of the comradeship of the Y. M. C. A.

Words similar in kind may also be written concerning the efforts of the Knights of Columbus, the Young Women's Christian Association, and the Salvation Army; these differ from the Y. M. C. A. not in spirit but in extent and in the type of service rendered. They are all a reinterpretation of religion and are among the outstanding spiritual phenomena of the age.

THE COMING CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION

The victory which Germany cannot win by her soldiers she is endeavoring to win by her politicians. "You believe," she seems to say, "that this war is between democracy and autocracy. Very well. We will accept democracy; then the war must cease."

What is taking place behind the scenes we do not know. The reports which the newspapers publish are not news—they are feelers. The German Emperor has invited a Socialist into his Cabinet, and the Austrian Emperor, it is said, proposes to constitute a coalition Cabinet representing all classes in the Empire. These proposals should not deceive us.

There is not the slightest indication that the autocratic rulers of either Germany or Austria have experienced any change of heart. They are autocrats still. There is not the slightest indication that the people either of Germany or Austria or Hungary are lovers of liberty. For the love of liberty is not merely the desire of A to enjoy freedom from control by B. It is also the desire of A not to exercise control over B. The Bolsheviki have no desire for political liberty; what they desire is political power. The Magyars do not love liberty; they love to exercise authority over other races. A people who desired liberty for themselves and for their fellow-men and who were willing to sacrifice in order to secure liberty for themselves and their fellow-men never could have been made the tools of the barbarian autocrats in the campaigns waged against Belgium and northern France.

The proposed changes in government with which the authorities in Germany and Austria-Hungary are playing are merely sham changes. But if they were real no real change in government would make either Germany or Austria-Hungary a democracy. Democracy means the rule of the common people—it means co-operation in the administration of the state. It means mutual interest and mutual respect. It means regard for one another's rights, interest in one another's welfare, respect for one another's opinions. It means a free forum where ideas and ideals are interchanged, where men are eager to get as well as to give, where underlying all the intellectual marketing there is faith that a common judgment can be obtained and a common will can be formed. It is government by public opinion. Bolshevism is as hostile to democracy as is Czarism. Neither of these is government by the people for the people. Both of them are government by a class and for a class.

It would be difficult to define to-day the character of the war of the last four years in language more luminously exact than that employed by Edmund Burke in his "Letters on a Regicide Peace:"

> We are in a war of peculiar nature. It is not with an ordinary community, which is hostile or friendly as passion or as interest may veer about; not with a state which makes war through wantonness and abandons it through lassitude. We are at war with a system which, by its essence, is inimical to all other governments, and which makes peace or war as peace and war may best contribute to their subversion. It is with an armed doctrine that we are at war.

We are at war with a system *which makes peace or war as peace and war may best contribute to its end*. In its proffers of peace there is as much peril to liberty and justice as in its cannon, its poison gases, its submarines. Our soldiers are meeting its armed men on the field of battle in Europe. It is for us Americans to meet it on the not less perilous field of politics in our Congressional elections in November.

For the Congress to be then elected, the Sixty-sixth, will doubtless be called by the President to meet next March, following the last regular session of the Sixty-fifth Congress, which meets in December of this year. It will very probably have a large if not a controlling influence in deciding the terms of peace. There will be pacifists weary of war and ready to make peace on almost any terms. There will be pro-Germans whose pro-Germanism will take the form of pity for a defeated foe. There will be men eager to get back to their money-making business of life, which they will call the normal business of life. There will be doctrinaires who will object to any interference with the local administration of a state, and who will want to treat Germany as a civilized state which must not be interfered with.

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There will be men with short memories who have already forgotten the unspeakable crimes committed by the Hun in Belgium, France, and Serbia. The Congress which we elect in November may have to deal with these unintentional allies of the brigands, whose folly might easily do much to nullify the sacrifices of our soldiers in the field. And loyal Americans ought to see to it that no representatives of pro-Germanism, pacifism, doctrinairism, Bolshevism, get into Congress through their fault or their folly. In our vote in November we should be inspired by the high resolve that our dead on the foreign fields of war shall not have died in vain.

But the next Congress may not only have to exercise quasi-judicial functions by uniting with other nations in meting out justice to Germany when she comes before the bar of the nations to be tried for the crimes which she has perpetrated against the civilized peoples of the world. It will have to exercise quasi-constitutional functions in determining what shall be the future relations between the Government of the United States and the organized industries on which the life of our people depends. It is doubtful whether ever in the history of the world has so great and so sudden a revolution been wrought in the life of any people, except possibly that of the French Revolution, as has been wrought in the last two years in the life of the people of the United States. From being a purely individualistic democracy, America has been transformed into a Socialistic state. Is this transformation permanent or temporary, or in part permanent and in part temporary? Shall we at the end of the war resume our old-time habit of untrammeled industrial freedom, or shall we leave such industries as the railway, the telegraph, coal-mining, and the like under the control of the Government, or, finally, shall we return them to the original owners, but subject to regulation by the Government? Even if Congress complies with the implied request of the President, and authorizes the creation of a commission to be appointed by the President to initiate legislation on this subject, it cannot, if it would, delegate the power to legislate. The responsibility for legislation rests upon Congress and cannot be delegated.

It is doubtful whether any Congress, even that which immediately followed the Civil War, has had as great a responsibility as will be placed upon the Congress to be elected in November. It will be well if the Nation could call on the very best men in the country for this great service. Little men, partisan men, provincial men, have no place in such a Congress. During the war it was well to back up the President whether his policy was all that could be desired or not, for he was our Commander-in-Chief, and it was under his leadership that the war must be won. But with the end of the war "Follow your Leader" ceases to be a worthy slogan. We need in the next Congress men of independent judgment, of a large horizon, of open minds; men who will be counselors of their party, not merely privates; men who will neither be enamored of novelty nor afraid of it; men whose faces will be turned toward the future, but who will believe in that fundamental postulate of all true political reform, that the future grows out of the past, is not separated from it.

The next Congress will have no power to change the written Constitution, but it will have power to make changes in the National habit of life such as will have all the effect of a change in the Constitution. The voter in November should ask himself respecting any Congressional candidate, not, Is he a Republican or a Democrat? Is he for or against National prohibition, or woman suffrage? but, Is he the man whom I wish to represent me in the National Congress in the most critical hour in the Nation's history?

CONCERNING GEOGRAPHY AND THE CONTENTED HEART

The Happy Eremite, putting the finishing touches to his attiring in the soft autumn dawn, was day-dreaming.

"Next summer, if all goes well," he said to himself, "we'll go to the shack on the South Shore. It's cheap and it's no bother to run, and, my Lord! but it'll be wonderful to have the Atlantic at one's front door again. If I were down there now, I wouldn't be dressing up like this in the cold gray dawn. I'd be throwing a sweater over my pajamas and running up the beach, splashing in the foam as it darted up the sand, running into the sunrise, always keeping a weather-eye open for the romantic possibilities of the driftwood, never altogether sure that some wonderful, strange thing might not come floating in, some valuable bit of treasure-trove, or a spar of some torpedoed ship, or a bottle with a message in it. Yes, next summer certainly, if we can, we must go to the shack on the dunes."

He mused over the plan as he had mused over it in other autumns when there was less chance than now of its fulfillment. But it did not thrill him as it had thrilled him in the past. He was vaguely disappointed.

"The trouble is, old man," he said to himself, "that you have actually spent a summer chasing the sunrise in your pajamas, and you know that, attractive sport as it is, its charm wears off. Too bad, but you are disillusioned about the raptures of the shack on the South Shore."

He nodded assent to his face in the mirror. "That's it. Wordsworth was everlastingly right. If you want to keep your vision of Yarrow, you should never allow yourself to be trapped into going there.

> "'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
> It must or we shall rue it:
> We have a vision of our own,
> Ah! why should we undo it?
> The treasured dreams of times long past,
> We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
> For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
> 'Twill be another Yarrow!'

"Nature, it seems, is on foot, and the dreams of man are on horseback—that is the secret of disillusionment."

He adjusted his necktie.

"Well," he mused cheerfully, "the shack on the dunes isn't the last place in the world by any means. We can always rent the shack. We'll go to Martha's Vineyard or to Nova Scotia. I think I'd rather it were Nova Scotia. I like the things people say of the dark woods there, and the seas breaking on black, rocky coasts, and the queer, crabbed fisher folk, and the simplicity of life. We'll plan for Nova Scotia."

He had planned for Nova Scotia before, and the planning had always kindled his heart to a sense of romantic adventure. But now it kindled him not at all Before his imagination Nova Scotia lay outstretched in all its fabled loveliness, but he felt no thrill. Gradually an emotion of another sort took possession of his being.

"Old man," he said to his reflection, "you are growing middle-aged."

There was no question about it. He could not dodge the fact that he had lost youth's infinite capacity to glorify the thing unseen, the valley on the other side of the hill, the bubble just beyond the touch of the outstretched hand. He had kept it longer than most people, for he was an incurable optimist; but it was gone now, worn out and killed at last, like some elfin-wife by the dull, prosaic bickerings of her husband Experience. The reason Nova Scotia failed to thrill was that he knew that after a week or two weeks, or, if the magic were potent, three, the inevitable facts of living would begin to stick their heads up through the glamour like blackbirds through the king's pie-crust. It would be Romance and the Chores of Life weighed in the scales against each other, with the Chores feather-light, but day by day sinking nearer and nearer to a balance with Romance, then balancing, then sinking again, until Romance was feather-light and all the weight lay with the Chores.

"You *are* getting old," said the Happy Eremite to his reflection, as he brushed his hair. "When a man loses his faith in the permanence of the impermanent he has lost his youth."

He went out into the gray-green September world of mists and dew. The leaves, the lawn, the white ducks on the black pond, were silent as a dream.

"What have I lost?" he mused. "I have lost the faith that places can of themselves give happiness, that woods and breakers and wide stretches of sea and land can bring lasting pleasure to the spirit or even to the eyes. I have lost the consolation, in *ennui* or distress, that change of scene can of itself convert emptiness into fullness or pain into joy. I have lost the golden comfort of reckless youth, the belief that one can get something for nothing, a regilding of the dome of life for the cost of a

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railway ticket. In other words, I have broken my opium-pipe." And the Happy Eremite stood still under the white sky.

"A loss?" He threw back his head. "That isn't a loss. That's a gain. What I have lost was an illusion, a ray of light that seemed to be a sunbeam and was only the dazzle of a broken mirror flashed in my eyes by the imps of Mischief, a device of the Devil to bewilder wayfarers. What I have gained is the knowledge that there is no space between man and his happiness. I have learned that I might as well henceforth save the railway fare I have been accustomed to spend traveling in search of something that has no relation whatever to geography. Happiness, it seems, is a point of view. We are happy anywhere, or we are happy nowhere. If that discovery means disillusionment and the passing of a man's youth, why, so be it, and God bless middle-age."

He laughed suddenly.

"By devious ways," he murmured, "I seem to have arrived at a very ancient platitude: 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.'

"Lord, how much pain it takes," said the Happy Eremite, "to convince us of the truth of a platitude!"

WANTED—A BOOK FOR EVERY MAN "OVER THERE"

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN OVERSEAS DESPATCH AGENT, BY H. H. MOORE, OF THE OUTLOOK STAFF

"WE have sent about seven hundred thousand books to our men overseas. We need a million more to supply every man with a good book to read in his leisure time."

The speaker's words were emphatic. Then, relaxing, with an engaging smile, he leaned back against the bar of his book saloon.

"Yes," he said, "I call this my book saloon. It is the fourth beer saloon we have taken over and devoted to a better business."

The place had indeed been a cheap liquor saloon, and the long, battered bar, with its well-worn foot-rail, was still in evidence amid the piles of books. There had been as yet no time to remove it. Why the American Library Association had chosen to house itself in these erstwhile saloons I did not particularly inquire, but rumor has it that Hoboken, New Jersey, the scene of these activities, has long been over-supplied with saloons, especially by the water-front, and that military regulations forced some of them out of business, with resulting benefit to literature.

Here, then, to these book saloons come from all over the United States books and magazines that are to go overseas to our soldiers and sailors. The scene is an interesting one. In one room porters were busily engaged in nailing up the boxes of books that are to entertain and instruct our men overseas.

"How do you get these books?" I asked.

"In two ways," answered my informant, who, let me say, was the Association's Despatch Agent, Mr. Asa Don Dickinson, well known as a librarian and an authority on matters connected with books. "We have a fund, or what is left of it, raised a year or so ago. With this we buy new books."

"What new book is the most popular among the soldiers?" I asked.

"This one"—pointing to a small volume bound in boards. It was the "Non-Commissioned Officers' Manual," by Colonel James A. Moss. A great many ambitious men in the ranks, it was explained, want this book for the information it gives about getting up higher.

"Doesn't the Government furnish the soldiers with any books about their duties?" I asked.

"No; the Government trains the men; it leaves them to get their own books," was the reply. "Other books in demand are helps toward learning French; manuals of instruction about machine gunnery; books about submarines, about automobiles, about electricity, and so on. Some of these are expensive, but we have to buy them."

"Do the publishers treat you fairly when you buy these books?"

"More than fairly. They sell them to us in most cases at cost. And the booksellers treat us fairly too."

"What dealings do you have with booksellers?"

"Well, that question brings me to our second source of supply. From all over the country we receive donations of old books. Most of our books come to us in this way. People leave their gifts at their local libraries, and they are forwarded to us free of freight. Then we have to sort them out. Some of the books are too bulky for circulation. These we dispose of to the booksellers and buy others. Then, again, we get some 'first editions.' It's a curious fact that there is a craze just now among collectors for first editions of O. Henry's stories. The other day I sold one of these books, that some one sent in, for thirty dollars! With that I could buy a whole lot of copies of the later editions of Henry's stories."

"What kind of books do our men want besides those you have named?" I asked.

"Good fiction—stirring stories of adventure. They want to be amused. A certain proportion of the men are studious and want serious books, but the majority require amusing fiction that will take them out of their surroundings, especially when they are in hospitals. What kind of fiction? Well, there is a great demand for stories by Zane Grey, by Jack London, and by Rex Beach. Do we receive many of these? Yes; and most of the fiction sent to us is of the better class. You can look over a box and see for yourself."

I glanced over the titles of the top layer in a box. These boxes, by the way, are strong and well made, and so ingeniously constructed that after opening them they may be placed on end and used as a book shelf or shelves—a sort of portable library. The titles I read were these:

> Rupert of Hentzau, by Anthony Hope; The Last of the Mohicans, by Cooper; Tom Brown at Oxford, by Thomas Hughes; The Circular Staircase, by Mary Roberts Rinehart; Black Rock, by Ralph Connor; The Inside of the Cup, by Winston Churchill; A Study in Scarlet, by Doyle; Four Millions, by O. Henry; The Way of a Man, by Hough; Going Some, by Rex Beach; Betrayal, by Oppenheim; His Grace of Osmonde, by Frances H. Burnett.

A pretty good selection, I thought.

"Western stories, detective stories, novels of adventure—these are what we want, and we can't have too many of them. I could trade a lot of other books for ones like these."

"What books would you trade?" I inquired.

"What book do you think comes to us in greatest number?" asked Mr. Dickinson in turn. "I defy you to guess."

"Robinson Crusoe?" I hazarded.

"No. We get more copies of 'Lucile,' by Owen Meredith, than anything else. I send out some of them, but the soldiers' appetite for that sort of thing is soon satisfied."

"How do the books get to the men?" I asked.

"Some boxes go direct to Paris and are distributed by the Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, or other agencies, or are directly forwarded to our soldiers by Mr. Stevenson, our representative over there," was the answer. "Some boxes are used to entertain the men on board the transports. These ships are crowded and the men are keen for books. We try to give a box to each unit on board—maybe ten boxes in all, or more. Some boxes don't get to Paris. The other day a man just returned in a transport came in here and apologized to me for failing to get some boxes I had intrusted to him through to their destination. He said: 'I happened to stop for an hour at

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a town where there was a hospital for our men. The patients were gloomy. They were wounded and homesick. I said to myself, I'll get them one of your boxes of books. You should have seen those poor fellows when I brought the books to them. A shout went up that could have been heard a block. "Boys! here are a lot of books from home! Glory!" they exclaimed. My eyes got moist, the boys were so grateful—it almost seemed to them like getting letters from home.'

"Another place where these books do good," Mr. Dickinson went on, "is in the transports coming back with wounded men. A Y. M. C. A. man told me this: He saw a man on one of these ships who wouldn't talk. He had lost his right hand. The Y man asked him if he would like a book to read. 'No.' The questioner wasn't discouraged; he brought the soldier a book on automobiles. 'No, he didn't want to read that,' waving his stump; he couldn't steer without a hand.' The man brought a book on electricity; no response. Then he brought a 'Complete Letter-Writer,' and said: 'You'll expect to do some kind of work at home; why not learn to write?' 'How can I write with my hand gone?' growled the man. 'Learn to write with your left hand,' was the encouraging reply; 'and if you'll try, I will too, and we will both learn together to write with our left hands.' Soon some other men who had lost their right arms were found, and an eager class was formed by the enthusiastic teacher, with the 'Complete Letter-Writer' as text-book.

"You can't tell how much good your book may do," went on Mr. Dickinson. "On another ship a man was suffering from shell-shock. He was very dejected, and kept moving his hands in an aimless way. A ship librarian thought he might be interested in a book. Selecting one at random, he offered it to the man. He opened it listlessly, then suddenly looked intently, then sprang from his seat, his face radiant with joy. 'See that name!' he exclaimed. 'It says here, "Presented by Sarah W. Smith, of Danbury, Connecticut." That's my good teacher that taught me to read when I was a boy in my home town! Bless her! It takes me right back to dear old Danbury!' And the man began to pick up at once and to take an interest in things again. Of course that was a chance coincidence, but you don't know when your book may be like a message from heaven to some good American boy. Please send us books, and more books, until we have at least one for every American soldier or sailor who craves the joy of reading a book from home. And remember to help us in the big drive that's coming on November 11. We want $3,500,000 cash for good new technical and recreative books, for from now on we expect to buy more and more of our books. That's only a little sum nowadays, but it will do oceans of good."

THE S. A. T. C.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

WHEN it was announced that the United States Government was about to establish training corps for the Army at the colleges, there was some resentment expressed at making college students a privileged class. It was somehow assumed that boys who were lucky enough to be able to afford an education fitting them for college were to be allowed to escape the draft, and were besides to receive a special opportunity to become commissioned officers. If there had been any truth in these suppositions, the very first people in the country to resent the implication in them would have been the college students themselves. The record of the undergraduates in American colleges during the war ought to be sufficient to make it impossible for any one to believe that a plan which would appeal to slackers would appeal to them.

What, in fact, appealed to the undergraduate and the prospective undergraduate in the plan for the Student Army Training Corps is the very thing that sends shivers up and down the slacker's spine. It is a plan by which induction into the Army as a private is not retarded but hastened. It is a plan, moreover, by which every one is put on a level with every one else of his age and attainments, given a chance to prove his mettle, and dealt with exactly and precisely according to what he does with his chance.

I happened to be in Cambridge when the college year opened at Harvard, and I can testify as to what I saw and heard there.

Just about the time I arrived in Cambridge, Tom, Dick, and Harry arrived there also. Scores of others were arriving, but these three will serve to represent many besides themselves. I encountered them—under different names of course—and I will not betray their confidence by telling all I know about them, or even by telling facts about them exactly as they happened; but everything I shall tell about them happened to somebody.

Tom was eighteen years old. He had wanted for months to get into the war. He had taken every chance that came his way for military training. Armed with specially strong recommendations, he had offered himself for one branch of the service and had been turned down for underweight or some other lack which he felt was quite unimportant. Then he went into a munitions plant and worked hard all summer at a job which took toll in the lives of several of his fellow-workmen. In the meantime, having passed his entrance examinations, he applied for admission to Harvard College and for a room in the freshman dormitory. In this he followed the advice of the wisest people he knew—to go on with his education. When the new law was passed extending the draft age to include him, he was highly pleased. Now, he thought, he would have a better chance than before of getting into active military service. When, however, it was announced that boys of eighteen would be in the last group to be called he saw his chance fading. Then came the news of the establishment of the Student Army Training Corps. According to this, he saw his chance reviving, for every one admitted to the Corps would, he learned, be inducted at once into the Army as a private. In the notice that was published he was told that if he enrolled in the Corps he would be subject to call as soon as other boys of his age; that in the meantime he would be receiving military instruction and would have the chance to prove his fitness for responsibility of some kind, but that there was no assurance that he would be found fit for training as a commissioned or even non-commissioned officer. He was urged by some friends to consider going to a technical school, because he might thereby earn the chance to get training in some technical branch—such as engineering or chemistry; but he was not specially interested in any technical branch, and, besides, when he learned that such technical training might lead to further instruction after others of his age had been called into active service, he held to his original plan as more likely to lead to what he wanted—an active part in the war. At the appointed time, therefore, Tom presented himself at the freshman dormitory in which he had been assigned a room, but was told that he could not be admitted, as the dormitory was already half stripped of furniture in preparation for becoming one of the corps' barracks. So, with others in the same situation, he had to find lodgings for himself.

Three days later, on Monday, September 23, he joined the hundreds who at Harvard Hall stood in line to register as undergraduates in Harvard College. The freshman candidates were assigned to a lecture-room upstairs. I watched the proceedings from a bench in the rear of the room. When Tom had filled out the required blanks, had moved up the line to the registrar, and had had his registration paper approved, he became a Harvard freshman; but he had more registering to do, for he still had to fill and file the blanks for the Student Army Training Corps. He therefore went to the Military Headquarters, in the basement of University Hall. There he filed his muster card, and the mustering officers assigned him to provisional Company J. (There is no Company J—there never is—but that is what we shall call his company, if you please.) Again he stood in line, this time in the room in

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University Hall assigned to Companies J, Q, and X. When he reached the man in charge, he was informed that his temporary quarters were in Randolph Hall—a dormitory on Mount Auburn Street. At the same time he received two papers. One was a list of military regulations; the other was a telegraphic form which he was to copy legibly, filling in the blanks, and send to the local draft board with whom he was registered. This telegram, sent in the name of Colonel Williams, commanding the Harvard S. A. T. C., called for the mailing of the papers necessary for the prompt induction of Tom into the Army. After the telegram was copied it was to be initialed by the induction officer and despatched. After getting luncheon Tom proceeded to the induction office in old Apthorp House, a frame building in the courtyard of the comparatively modern Randolph Hall. There he had his first taste of military duty at Harvard, for after being measured for his uniform he was detailed to carry army cots and army blankets from the freshman dormitories down on the Charles River to Randolph Hall. Finally he found his room. It had not yet been cleared of all the furniture which the student who had expected to occupy the room had moved there. As the authorities, however, requested all who could to find quarters elsewhere, it was not necessary for Tom to occupy this room in Randolph Hall; but there were others of his class and company stowing cots and blankets in Randolph rooms in preparation for the coming night. That evening he attended a mass-meeting for all members of the University over eighteen years of age, and then heard more details of the plan of the S. A. T. C., especially with reference to choice of courses of instruction.

During the summer Tom had of course given some thought of what he would elect to study during the coming year, but soon after his arrival in Cambridge he found that the whole schedule of the college had been changed; and then at this mass-meeting he learned of further changes.

Ordinarily a freshman entering Harvard is expected to submit a list of electives for the coming year. Now Tom found that he was called upon to choose for only three months. At the end of three months—that is, on the first of January—undergraduates of twenty years of age are to be summoned into service, provided they are physically fit, just as other young men of that age are to be; at the end of another three months—that is, on the first of April—the undergraduates of nineteen are to be summoned; and at the end of the third three months—that is, on the first of July—the summons will come to undergraduates of eighteen. This means that a new adjustment of courses has to be made at the end of each quarter.

Tom also learned that his choice of courses would have to be determined by the branch of the service for which he wished to prepare himself. After inquiry, Tom decided that he wanted to fit himself for the branch that included the motor transport and tank service. Then he looked at the pamphlet that described the courses offered by the college, and a considerable number of these he discovered were distinguished by an A in the margin. These were the courses suitable for the members of the Student Army Training Corps. He found that General Military Instruction would of course be one of the required subjects, and another required subject would be a course on the Problems and Issues of the War. These two subjects would run through the nine months that he would have at his disposal. For specific preparation for the motor transport and tank service he found that he would have to have at least for one quarter a course in Experimental Physics, and for one quarter a course in Trigonometry; and that as a freshman in the college he would be expected to take a course in English. As he was not to be called till July, he might have postponed his physics or mathematics, but he decided to put both in his first quarter's list and be prepared to continue them later. One more course of nine hours a week was required of him; but this he was free to choose from all those courses marked A for which he was fitted. Tom chose a course in Speaking and Writing French. If Tom had been twenty years of age, he would have had to take virtually the courses that he chose, since he could not have postponed either mathematics or physics. Being eighteen, he had a liberty in the matter which he chose not to exercise.

What is going to happen to Tom at the end of nine months? He does not know. He may be assigned to the infantry as a private, and not get into the motor transport or tank service at all; or if his physical examination shows some defect that will exclude him from full service, he may be assigned to some form of limited service. If he shows promise, he may be selected to go to a training camp for non-commissioned officers, or even to one for candidates for commissions. It all depends on what he proves himself to be fit for. He will have the advantage that results, and ought to result, from knowledge. Democracy is not, or at least ought not to be, leveling down but leveling up.

Now Tom is getting this training, not because his father is rich, but because he is fit to receive it. As a matter of fact, whether his father is rich or not, the Government pays for his keep and his training exactly as it pays for the keep and training of the hundreds of thousands of young men it has taken into the cantonments.

So much for Tom. Now Dick. For two years Dick had been a student at the University of Kansas—or perhaps it was Michigan or California. For some reason which I do not know, he decided to take his training this year at Harvard. He is twenty years old, and thus has just three months before being summoned. He chose the Navy, and was early on hand Monday morning to register as a Harvard student, and then made haste to go to the naval headquarters. There he was promptly examined (the numbers in the Naval Unit are strictly limited, and therefore the process of organizing it was briefer than in the Army Training Corps), and as promptly accepted and inducted. As he had already received some naval training at a naval school, he is a good candidate. His courses are practically all chosen for him. He has to take what is assigned to him. If he proves efficient, he may be taken as a candidate for the office of ensign.

When Tom and Dick appeared, Harry came also. I saw him over at University Hall. He was not fitted for Harvard. He had not had the chance to go through a preparatory school. He had had to leave high school before he could receive his diploma and had had to go to work; but he was ambitious, and had taken courses at night school. So he brought with him a certificate that he had passed in thirteen academic points. Ordinarily such a certificate does not admit the holder to Harvard, but that does not exclude Harry from the Harvard S. A. T. C. Whether he will be accepted as a candidate for a degree at Harvard or not had not been decided when I was in Cambridge; but that is a minor question at a time like this. What is important and true is that Harry goes into the S. A. T. C. on exactly the same basis as Tom, and has the same chance for advancement. Whether he succeeds or not will depend—exactly as in the case of Tom—in part upon his fitness and in part upon his character.

But what chance has Ned? I did not happen to see him, but I heard about him. He had not had a high school education at all; he had left school after finishing the grammar grades. Was he excluded from the S. A. T. C.? So far as I know, there was no provision for him at Harvard, but I understand there was provision for him at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or "Tech," as it is called. The "Tech" S. A. T. C. has, besides its highly technical branches, a vocational branch, and this is open to Ned. Indeed, it is open to Tom and Dick and Harry too. Because Tom had a gift for mechanics, a friend of his at the Institute rather urged his entering the vocational branch of the S. A. T. C. there; but Tom decided to stick by his original plan. Nevertheless it may be that Ned, without a high school education, may outdistance some of the S. A. T. C. men at Harvard. I know of no reason, except his lack of intellectual equipment, why he may not win a commission.

It is almost inevitable that the boy who can read will outstrip the illiterate; and it is to be expected that the boy who has advanced well in school will keep ahead of the boy who, through misfortune perhaps, has fallen short in education. Democracy does not consist in giving equal responsibility to the well equipped and the ill equipped, but in giving, as far as possible, the best equipment to each that he can receive. In that respect the Student Army Training Corps is the greatest step forward in democratic education that I know of. E. H. A.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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WITH THE "Y" AT THE FRONT

I—WITH THE WOUNDED FROM THE MARNE

THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF ONE Y. M. C. A. MAN

BY ROGER GILMAN, A. E. F., Y. M. C. A.

"HERE you are, fellers, what'll you have? New York 'Herald' or Chicago 'Tribune'?"

"Say, man, what's that? Sure, a New York one for mine."

What wouldn't you give to be handing these out to those boys in pajamas, with heads or hands wrapped in bandages, sitting in the door of a French box car? So I thought yesterday as I walked along the train or clambered into other cars where there were no grinning boys in the doorway, only quiet figures on stretchers, each with the inevitable big white bandage.

It was July 17, the third day of the great drive on the Americans at the Marne, and our first big fight. All the night before in [deleted by Censor] ambulances had rolled through the starlit streets from the front, huge hospital supply trucks had stopped me at two in the morning to ask the way, and the courtyard of the Army hospital had been filled with a steady stream of limping figures and groping stretcher-bearers. No lights showed anywhere, for the hospital [deleted by Censor] at Jouy had just been heavily bombed.

Then came a blazing day in the freight yards, where a superb Red Cross train had loaded and pulled out in the early morning. From ten o'clock on, the ambulances were busy filling a French hospital train, on which I had been asked by the anxious doctor to act as interpreter.

By four the cars were furnaces; everybody was begging me to take his blanket off, and the gas cases in the doorways were rolling up their pajamas and dangling their bare feet. The French doctor in charge came up with his coat unbuttoned and even his hat on the back of his head.

"You go to Paris, monsieur? You can assist us much! It is very painful to have no one with us who can speak their language. Yes, we go to Paris. It will take four hours."

Of course I did not have the safe-conduct so much insisted on for moving about in the war zone—only strict instructions not to leave my post; and there was every prospect of losing days in Paris when the battle was on. But here were over two hundred wounded Americans, many just off the operating-table, a French medical staff, and in this first great rush no one but myself to speak for them. Well, naturally, there was nothing else to do, and I never climbed on a train more gladly.

Finally the last four litters were gently lifted out of the ambulances; for ambulance men, even after two nights and two days of driving and unloading, are as gentle as ever you mothers could be; and the train, with the pitiful burden, moved out.

Immediately the blessed breeze began to blow through the open door and sift in through the vestibules between the cars, and the whole train sighed its relief. The country, seen in great pictures, looked almost like "God's own;" whiffs of hay blew in from the broad meadows; white clouds drifted by in the sun. War seemed impossible. And yet here were these stiff figures, swollen eyes that could not open, blood-stained hands fumbling at their bandages, and the excited talk of battle and death.

"My captain, he died right in my arms, all shot to pieces."

"Say, I don't mind seeing men killed—men like ourselves; but when I saw in that village little children with their heads blown clean off by shells—God, it's awful!"

"Gee, I won't be worth a damn back home like I am now! I hope I don't go."

And what could one do for them so? Oh, just the littlest things that seemed so futile, but were accepted with such pathetic thanks. For instance, you got a huge tin pitcher of water and a little hospital cup with a spout—a "chick' beak," the French orderly called it—and went down the line. Everybody took it, and everybody said, carefully, "I thank you," or, better still, just smiled.

"Say, Y. M. C. A. man, I don't suppose you've got a cigarette?"

You say, "I'm sorry, old man," but tell him that you'll "bum" one for him, and two beds away you ask a boy with some color left under his three days' beard.

"Sure, there's some 'Lucky Strikes.' Aw, take him some more."

"What's your name and outfit? I'll tell him who it is."

"Naw, naw; just Sixth Artillery, that's all."

Next there is a big boy with bandages who has to be propped up with blankets and turned just a trifle, so slowly. And again a poor head has lost its pillow and is tipping away back, till you find the pillow on the floor and softly put it right again. And another wants you to look for a little map knotted up with all his worldly goods in a wet bath towel.

About half-way down the train you suddenly see in the narrow passage between the litter frames a huge perspiring face grinning delightedly under its cropped hair. It's the gassed man who offered to go into the town, just before we started, to get some fruit.

"Say, I got 'em, but I had to run for it. The first woman, she wanted too much, and I went clear to that kind of a market they have at the other end of the place. But they're good little plums, all right."

And so "Doc," as kind-hearted as a father and as merry as only a red-headed American private can be, went through the train with his big basket. No Apostle curing a lame man at the gate of the Temple was ever more happy than he.

But what sort of cases were they? And how did they stand it, poor boys?

The gas cases ran all the way from simple weakness and burns, slight or terrible, to those who had got the gas into their throats and could not drink or speak. The wounds were mostly from shrapnel or shell, sometimes two or three or five, and some were from machine-gun bullets. There were scarcely any gunshot wounds, and not one from a bayonet.

And stand it? I can't tell you how fine they were! Not one moaned, only two asked for help. From the young captain whose head and neck were strapped with bandages, lying with set face and hands crossed, like a marble image, to the tousled-haired boy who spoke with an Italian accent, they just lay still and stood it. At first I could hardly realize what they were going through, but a clear-skinned fellow whom I started to jolly a little answered with such a piteous crumpled-up smile that I knew once for all. After that one I was very careful.

But the two who did ask for help? Well, I'll tell you about them. One was so swathed in bandages from his hips up that I had asked if he ought to go with us, but the doctors thought he might. He kept saying that he couldn't breathe. When I was away, he got up twice, somehow, till the others put him back. So I told him he mustn't move, and he said, "Just stay with me." We tried to talk about Brooklyn and Coney, but he was always putting his arm around my neck to lift himself and saying, "Oh, please, mister, please let me sit up!"

Well, he had two drainage tubes, so he couldn't, but finally neither the French soldier-orderly nor I could stand it any longer. So the broad-backed little *poilu* lifted him slowly on his feet and we steadied him along to the car door and laid him in the draught on a fresh stretcher, and somehow his poor body felt better and his moaning stopped. All the farther end of the car asked in awestruck tones, "Is he dead?" No, thank Heaven, he wasn't. Just content.

Presently we stopped at a junction where some of our newly

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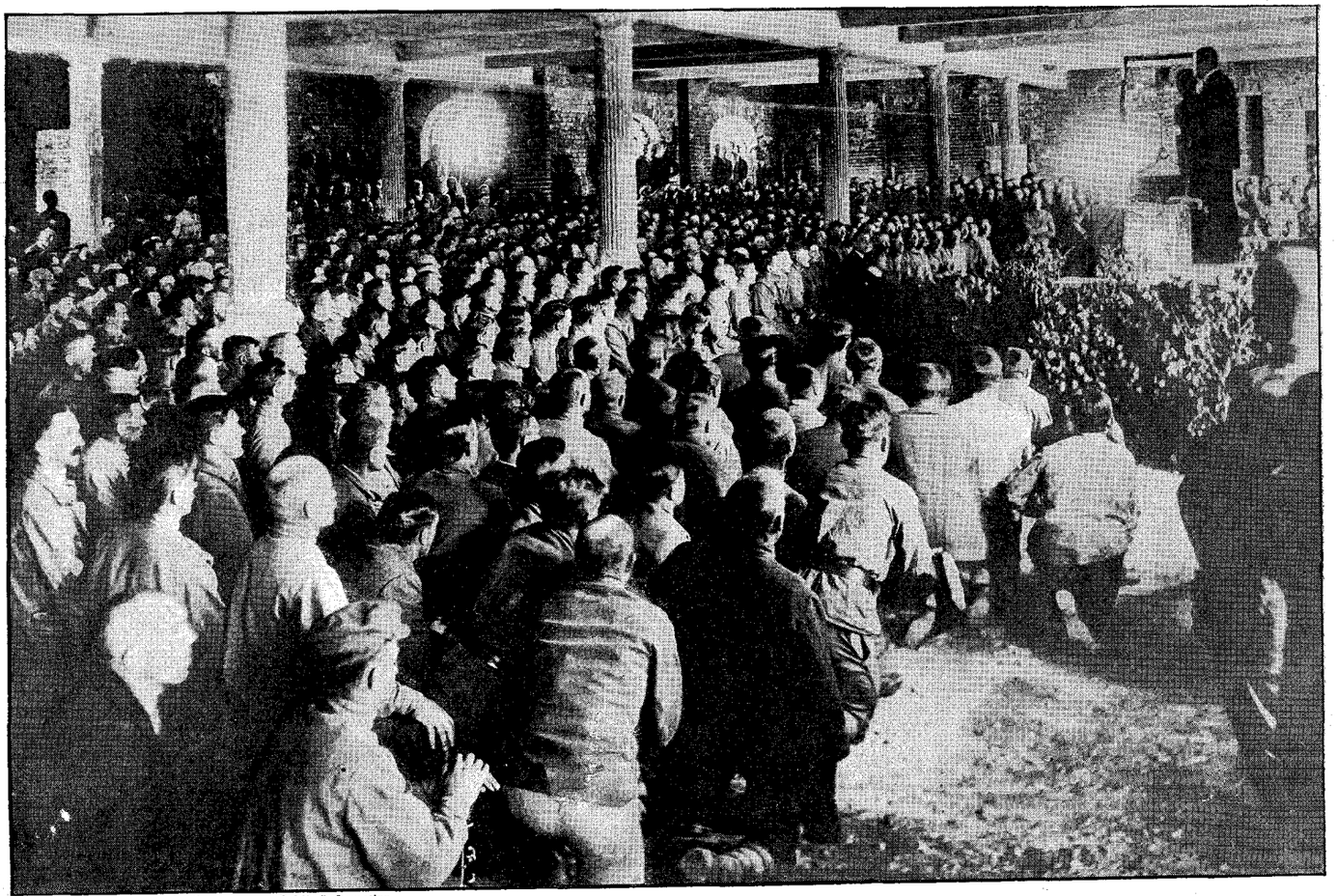
JOHN R. MOTT, DIRECTOR OF THE CAMPAIGN TO RAISE $170,000,000 FOR THE Y. M. C. A. AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

A Y. M. C. A. HUT ON THE FIRING LINE—NOTE THE SEAT FOR THE THIRSTY AND TIRED PATRON



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A "Y" HUT IN VLADIVOSTOK, RUSSIA—FORMERLY A THEATER

One of the Y. M. C. A. lecturers is giving a talk on the gyroscope to some of the Czechoslovak troops; men in the foreground are kneeling so that others may see

HELPING TO WIN THE WAR BY SERVICE TO THE SOLDIERS—

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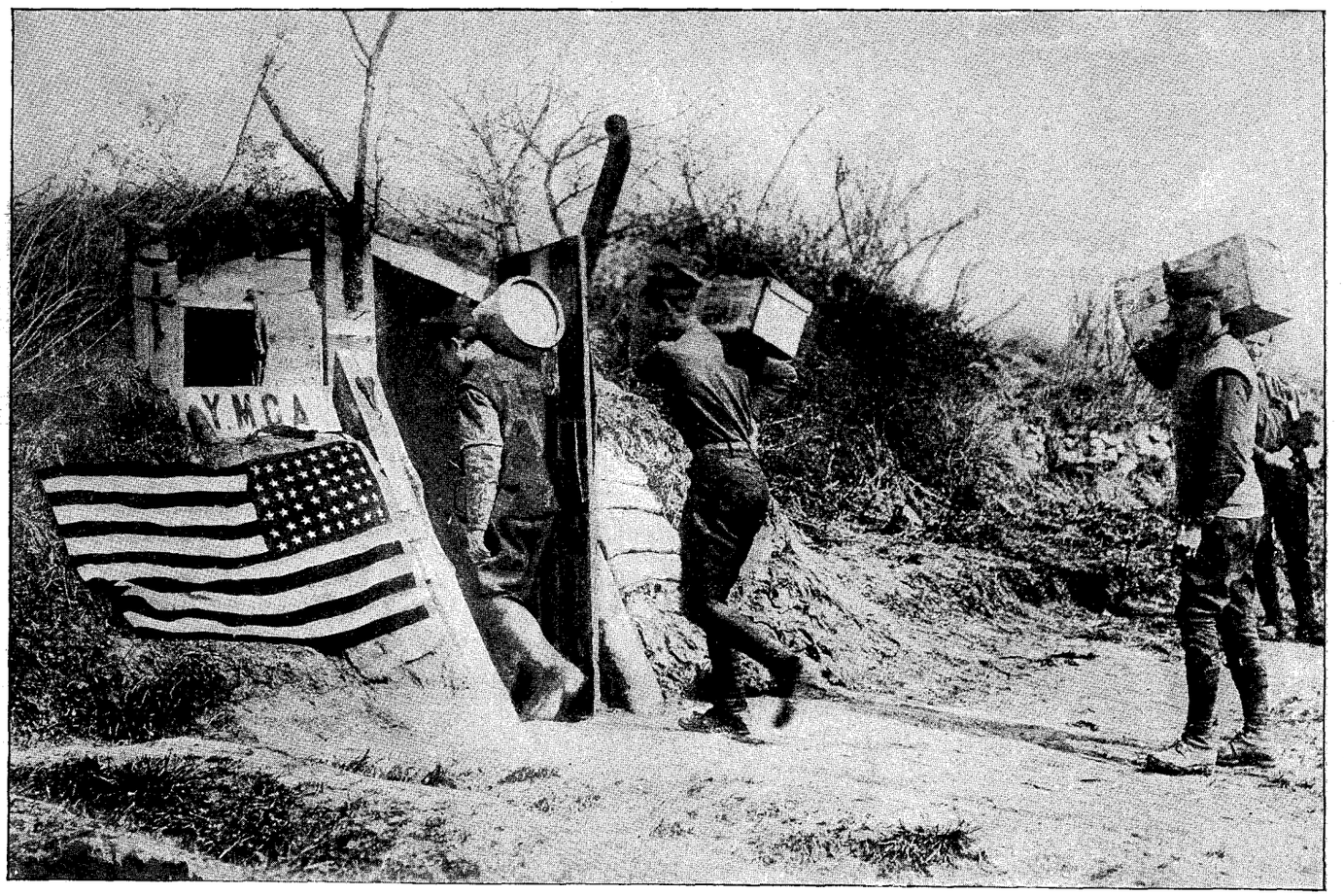
BOXING AT ARMY CORPS UNDER DIRECTION OF
Y. M. C. A. ATHLETIC DIRECTORS (AT EXTREME LEFT)

AN AUTOMOBILE LOAD OF Y. M. C. A. SPORTING GOODS
ON THE WAY TO MEN BACK FROM THE FRONT



BRINGING SUPPLIES TO THE Y. M. C. A. IN FRANCE

On the door is a large Y made from a piece of shell which landed near the door when it was under fire

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION WORK AND WORKERS

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arrived men looked in, and then there was real interest. No veterans ever regaled their listeners with more easy confidence than did these boys of five days on the line. And they got it across. Wonder and envy were in every open mouth on that platform.

And then, although the train had merely crept on its way, the long four hours of jolting began to tell. They asked more often what time it was, they wanted more water but drank less at a time, the white bandages began to show spots, and the air grew heavier.

At this time the one other complaint began. It came from a little fellow with anxious, white face. "Couldn't you give me something to relieve my pain? Just to relieve my pain."

So I picked out a man who could move around and told him to reassure the sufferer and stay there right by him, so that I could find him again. Then I went off and hunted up the doctor. When we returned, the boy said little, but his eyes were full of tears. The kind old Frenchman gave one look and said he should have an injection, but before he could return the train grew suddenly dark, and we rolled into an immense barn-like station. In the confusion I lost the patient for a little, but presently found him again, and got the stretcher-bearers to take him out among the first. Then an ambulance man stayed by him and talked to him while we hunted up the station doctor and a nurse, and then they hunted up some tubes and needles. It all took a long, long time, but there was only the same anxious whisper: "Oh, give me something to relieve my pain!"

The next time I passed it had been done. He was even smiling a bit, and he answered, "Oh, yes, I feel just fine."

Then there came along a dark young fellow, painfully hobbling down the platform. As he put a heavy arm over my shoulder he began to talk:

"Glad I'm here, all right. They had me prisoner for a while the first afternoon. There were three of us wounded in a shell hole, and the squareheads came along and pinched us and put us in a barn. And they had a little machine gun, and every time one of the boys would come along they'd get him and put him in there. And then they went off and left us for a little, and I said, 'Come on, fellers, let's beat it,' and I got another one that was wounded on my back, and so we did. Me? I'm from Louisiana. Good-night."

In the station everything seemed dim and huge under the blue-shaded arc lights—vast spaces filled with little frames, long canteen counters, endless ambulances rolling in, army doctors, shouting traffic officers, and a group of kind-faced Red Cross women. The wheels had scarcely stopped turning before they were in among the boys, fanning some, taking addresses for others, offering them cool milk.

In the midst of it all I came upon a figure in a damp flannel shirt, hunched up in the door of the car. It was "Doc," all in from his trudging to and fro with his basket of plums and the heat. So a limping boy still wearing a helmet and a gassed man and I got him off to a cool corner of the baggage platform. The last I saw of him he was lying on his back with his legs crossed in the air, half asleep, but smoking a Fatima.

An hour later, rolling along on the front seat of an ambulance in the blackness of the outer boulevards, the driver and I got to talking. He told me a story of a boy in a field hospital just coming out of the chloroform. The boy thought he was a prisoner in German hands, and he began to fight. It took eight men to hold him. Then he gradually heard their voices, but he couldn't see. So he reached up and got hold of their caps, and pulled them down to him one by one. And when his fingers touched the American rank insignia, he smiled and just said, "Thank God!"

Somewhere in France, August 12, 1918.

II—THE Y. M. C. A. WORK IN FRANCE

BY HÉLÈNE VACARESCU

The writer of this article is among the best known of Rumanian poets. In the "Anthologie des Écrivains Français Contemporains: Poésie" will be found two fine poems from her pen. Mademoiselle Vacarescu, as stated in the "Anthologie," belongs to one of the most illustrious families of the Rumanian nobility. It is interesting to note that one of the members of this family was the first of a long line of Rumanian scholars and poets and author of the first known Rumanian grammar, printed in 1789. The Vacarescus have long been known as patriots and enthusiasts for national independence. This description of the Young Men's Christian Association work in France and of our soldiers there is a spontaneous tribute from a Rumanian to Americans.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE spent eight days among the American troops in work with the Young Men's Christian Association and have spoken in the Y. M. C. A. huts to thousands of American soldiers. These experiences have proved a pleasure and a revelation. Never before during the course of the war had I met with such a thrilling and intelligent audience. The boys seemed most anxious to hear more and more about our unfortunate and heroic country, Rumania. After the lecture, talking to these extraordinarily clever and kind allies of ours, I discovered how greatly the feeling that their people at home must be so proud of American successes on the battlefields of France renders them happy and keeps them lively; liveliness and activity are in part their characteristics.

There they were, the dear boys, after a day's good work, applauding and laughing at the many items I could relate of my personal acquaintance with the Kaiser, and the absurdities of the petty German courts I have seen. The Y. M. C. A. is doing marvelously for the moral welfare of the United States zones in France. Everywhere the Y. M. C. A. huts are to be seen among the picturesque hills of Champagne and Touraine, in the thoroughfares of the quaint old French cities. And many a French officer or soldier peeps in to see his *splendides alliés* (as they now call the Americans) occupied with reposeful tasks: letter-writing, reading, or listening to some lecture concerning present events.

I wish I could find the translation for the French word *épatant*, because it is the term the French use when they refer to the Americans: "*Ils sont épatants*" (they are—well, they are ripping—topping, although *épatant* means even more). General Pershing is very popular in France. "*Leur général est charmant et parfait*" (Their general is perfect and charming) is the formula, and they also say: "*Leur Président vaut leur général*" (Their President is as good as their general).

But you should see them fight! They do it incredibly well. We never could look forward to such a piece of luck! American heroism is even beyond what we had expected from them.

The Americans are beginning to speak French and the French to speak English. They are mutual professors to each other. Everywhere in the streets, in shops, lessons are given and with gratitude received, and compliments paid by one ally to the other:

"You splendid at the assault of ——," says the Frenchman.

"*Vous bien à*—what do you call that—a river?—*rivière* Marne."

"*Vous Américain;* what city?"

"Boston; and *vous, poilu?*"

"I, La Rochette, *tu* knows, a port on ocean. Wilson *cher à* Frenchmen." And so on.

For poor Rumania my American audiences are full of admiration and pity. When I called them what they are—the crusaders of a new and saintly crusade for the deliverance of oppressed and martyred nations—they all shouted: "We will serve you; we shall fight till suffering Serbia, poor Belgium, and unfortunate Rumania are free and come into their own." Oh, I could have wept with gratitude and joy! One boy said to me: "Oh, you speak well; you deserve to go to Congress!"

The American soldiers are loved and admired in France,

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where I have heard more than one among the heroes of Verdun say:

"*Les* boys *valent les poilus.*" (The boys are as fine as the *poilus.*)

In fact, the term "boys," as applied to American soldiers, has become a cherished and household name with French people everywhere.

Paris, August, 1918.

III—OUT OF THE "Y" AND IN AGAIN

BY BRUCE BARTON

A MEMBER OF THE WAR WORK COUNCIL OF THE Y. M. C. A.

THE class of 1904, graduating from one of the smaller New England colleges, left as its parting advice to the incoming freshman class this admonition:

"Keep away from the Y. M. C. A."

Coming into the college the next autumn as a sophomore, I discovered the admonition recorded in the files of the college paper, and wondered at it. My freshman year had been spent in a very much smaller and newer college in the South, where the religious activities were exceedingly prominent, and every student belonged either to the Y. M. C. A. or the Christian Endeavor Society. In the light of my previous experience, the advice of the class of 1904 just quoted seemed to border on sacrilege. I wondered what sort of an institution it was that I had entered into, and felt for a few days as Daniel must have felt at the court of the heathen king.

It did not take me long to discover what lay behind the action of the class of 1904. Its attitude toward the Y. M. C. A. was shared by a majority of the men in college and was not without justification. Our Y. M. C. A. was not a representative college institution, and made no effort to become one. It was a close corporation of men well satisfied with themselves—men, for the most part, who had not been invited to join any fraternity, and who found a certain spiritual revenge in conducting the Y. M. C. A. as a kind of fraternity of their own, untainted by contact with the rest of the college. If the other members of the student body had a social advantage over them, they found satisfaction in their spiritual advantage. They were in the college world, but not of it; a group removed and unsullied; a little hierarchy who by their attitude made it clear that they were not as other men and did not wish to be.

This was the situation during my sophomore year. In the spring of that year certain alumni interested in the religious life of the college determined that something should be done. They took counsel, and by exerting pressure prevailed upon a member of our fraternity, who was captain of the basket-ball team and one of the most popular men in college, to accept the presidency of the Y. M. C. A. for the coming year.

I shall never forget the wave of consternation that spread through our house on the announcement. We were amazed and distressed beyond measure. Singly and in groups we went to our brother and remonstrated. He was disgracing the fraternity and ruining himself, we told him. But there was in him the stuff of which martyrs are formed. He stood firm; and, seeing that we could not dissuade him, we paid our dollars to join the Association so that we could vote for him. If he wanted it, we would see that he got it. Sorrowfully and successfully we did our fraternal duty. He was elected by a good majority.

Thereupon began a contest with the leaders of the International Y. M. C. A. in New York. Our new president discovered that there were very definite restrictions as to who might and who might not belong to the Y. M. C. A. No Unitarian might be admitted, and no Catholic. He protested to the New York headquarters that college men cared little for these denominational distinctions; and received word, in reply, that they ought to care. For some time the correspondence continued; and at length the college association seceded from the Y. M. C. A., becoming merely the Christian Association. All the old qualifications for membership were thrown out, and a new form adopted which read about like this: "I believe in God and Alma Mater." Onto this low, broad, and easy platform about four-fifths of the undergraduates clambered. The Association became in that year a really popular institution, and the following year its president was elected president of the Senior Club.

To the officers of the International movement our action seemed a very wrong thing. They pretended to disregard our secession. They levied dues upon us which we did not pay, and sent ambassadors who were not received, and held us up to other colleges as a horrible example. Meanwhile we went on, proud of our youthful liberality and rejoicing in the attendance figures of our Sunday evening meetings.

Doubtless the International secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. were right in protesting that we had gone too far. But at least we accomplished this—the organization which represented the religious life in college ceased to be an object of ridicule. Men no longer were graduated from that college with the idea that only a mollycoddle may be religious. Something had been gained for religion by our action; but it had been gained at the cost of our connection with the Y. M. C. A.

In the succeeding ten years my contact with the Association had been limited to an occasional swim in a Y. M. C. A. pool; and while I sympathized in a general way with the work that was being done in its buildings, I could not but carry over some of the prejudice of my college days against what seemed to me its religious narrowness and its too great deference to tradition.

Then came the war, giving me, by chance, an opportunity to help the Y. M. C. A.'s war work and to have an inside view of the whole organization. And what I have seen in the past year has been a transformation of very great interest and significance. Much has been written of what the Y has done for the soldiers—and every word of it deserved—but I doubt if even the leaders of the Association themselves realize fully all that the soldiers have done for the Y.

They have given it, for one thing, a very much enlarged conception of what can be meant by "service." Like all other good words, that one was in danger before the war of taking on a rather formal significance. We thought of the service of a church as consisting in the provision of certain regular meetings and in contributing to the relief of the poor. The Y. M. C. A. presented a somewhat more varied programme; but even its activities tended to take on certain pretty definite forms not easily departed from.

The war has destroyed all limitations on the word. "Service" at the battle-front consists of doing anything anywhere and at any time to contribute to the comfort of the men. I have read the letters of a secretary who is not himself a smoker, but who smoked a score of cigarettes in one afternoon in providing lights for wounded soldiers—and who rejoiced at the record. I have met a preacher who spent weeks in France without a chance to preach because he was so busy behind the lines distributing the little comforts of life to men who, except for him, would have had none. One of the big men of New York went across, expecting to be placed in charge of a whole battery of huts, instead of which the exigencies of the work placed him in a rude dugout near the front. He cabled home at the end of a week: "There is no man in America too big for the smallest job over here."

The reflex action of this spirit at the front could not fail to make itself felt at home. Little by little the Y. M. C. A. programme has become more flexible. The question has ceased to be, "How can we do *our* work for the men?" It has become, "What is it that the men want done?" No man is sent to France with any promise or commission. He is told that he may be used in an executive capacity or he may find himself sweeping out a hut. The Y. M. C. A., he is told, is not in France to say what it will or will not do. It is there to take orders from the humblest need of the humblest soldier.

With such a spirit making itself felt throughout the organi-

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zation, it was inevitable that the work should attract a wide variety of men, many of them men who would have found it difficult to imagine themselves in a Y. M. C. A. uniform a year ago. The first questionnaires drawn up for applicants for overseas are very interesting to-day, in the light of the present activities of the personnel department. To-day, for example, nobody asks, in the personnel department, whether an applicant for overseas work has the "Association view-point," whatever that may be or have been. The question is: "Has he the soldier's view-point? Does he know that he is going abroad to serve, not to obtrude himself or the Association, but to do anything and everything that will make life more comfortable for the boys over there?" Only men and women of strong Christian character are being sought for France, but men and women who give to Christianity the broadest kind of an interpretation, who find religion in the giving of a cup of hot chocolate as truly as in the conduct of a prayer-meeting, and who feel a wholesome humility in the presence of men who are facing eternity unflinchingly.

One of the keenest observers in America told me of his experience with the secretaries in France. "It is very interesting," he said, "to see what happens to them as they begin to leave the ports of debarkation and work up toward the front. They land in France as Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics, and Unitarians, and some of them pretty decidedly so. But every mile of their progress toward the fighting makes them less sure that their creeds and differences are important, until behind the lines there is no creed except service and no doctrine but the brotherhood of man. I found a Catholic priest and a Congregational preacher living as chums in a front-line dugout and conducting their services in the same hut. And the priest, in explaining it, said to me: 'This is no time to be hating each other for the love of Christ.'"

Big men and women are going across for the Y. M. C. A.—some of them men who have given up incomes of tens of thousands of dollars. And no man asks them what they believe about the Virgin birth or their theories of the Trinity. The question is, "Are you going to serve; and are you mentally and physically and spiritually up to it?"

That there is in this larger birth of the Y. M. C. A. the promise of great things for America seems to me very plain. No man can measure, for one thing, the possible influence of its work in France upon the future of the Church over here. Four thousand men are representing the War Work Council in France—they are going across at the rate of a thousand a month—and among them are many of the brightest and ablest young ministers of all our various churches. These men are experiencing the power of religion as no ministers of our churches ever have experienced it. They are seeing it work in the lives of millions of men who have cast aside all sham and stand naked on the threshold of the other world. They have learned an impatience with creed and all petty barriers to brotherhood. They have laid hold on the great realities, and their grip will not be easily shaken. Will they be content merely to *talk* of Christian unity when for a year they have *lived* it?

And what about the effect on the Y. M. C. A. itself? I listened the other day while one of the older general secretaries talked to a group of his associates about the great campaign for funds this fall. "Remember this, men," he said. "This is not a campaign for the Y. M. C. A. Forget the Y. M. C. A. Don't push it forward. We're conducting a campaign not for ourselves but for our soldiers and sailors. Every dollar collected and every ounce of our energy and thought is dedicated to them. We happen to be the agency through which the American people are ministering to their boys. We can meet their expectations only by forgetting the Y. M. C. A. and ourselves."

He spoke for the great majority of the officers of the Association, I am sure; and he struck the keynote of the future of the Y. M. C. A. It was doing great work before the war, but its men were working—at least partly—for the Y. M. C. A. To-day it is an organization working for men. If it carries that spirit over into peace times, as it surely will, the possibilities of its influence on the lives of young America are almost limitless. It will be able to harness to itself much of that fine young idealism in our colleges which once turned into the ministry and has, in more recent years, too often turned elsewhere. It may find work to do in our industrial life which will be as dramatic in its way, and as wonderfully real, as its work on the battlefields has been.

The Y. M. C. A. has lost its life in France. I have seen the process of its death and resurrection. It has utterly forgotten to think about itself. And in losing its life it has found a new and broader and more tolerant life; it has laid hold upon the complete unselfishness of its Master, which through nineteen hundred years has proved itself the only power capable of transforming the world.

WHY WE NEED A REPUBLICAN CONGRESS

INTERVIEWS WITH REPUBLICAN LEADERS

BY RICHARD BARRY

WHY should the United States, in the midst of war, divide the responsibility of control in its Government? I went to the chief Republican leaders with this question. From many tributaries the answers flowed into one river, with this dominant idea:

The country is entitled in time of war to the use of the best brain power of both parties; so far it has been led largely by only one. Under our laws, different from those of France, England, Italy, and Canada, the only way to secure a genuine coalition Government is for the people to elect it this November; therefore it is distinctly up to the individual American voter to say whether or not he wishes to have both parties or only one in the responsible conduct of the war.

Shortly after Henry Cabot Lodge was elected by the Republican Senators as their leader and spokesman I sought him in the minority conference room, previously occupied by the late Senator Gallinger. "Republicans are of one mind as to this war and as to the terms of peace," he said. "Even as a minority they have never flinched where the majority party has weakened. Without the Republicans of the House the first and second Draft Bills, on which all of our success in war rests, could never have been passed. In control of the organization of House and Senate they will be able to drive the war forward with greater energy than the present majority because they have no friends in executive office to protect and no orders to take from any source except the country's cause. They will not hesitate to tell the truth, and nothing can so advance the war as absolute truth in dealing with the American people. Republicans have but one idea now, and that is to win the war. They have nothing to conceal. They realize that Americans are brave, that they are ready for any sacrifice, that they want to know the truth, that they will face it, that they will do all the better for knowing it, and that nothing is gained by misleading them.

"Republicans wish to sustain to the utmost those charged with responsibility—first, and above all, our armies in the field, then the Administration; but where there is inefficiency, delay, or wrong-doing they will address themselves to correcting it without fear or favor."

Senator Lodge not only spoke out thus for a larger programme of truth-telling and pointed out to me that if "the lid" (the phrase is not the Senator's) had not been on it would have been impossible for the country to float along for more than a year in the easy belief that it was going to have a great fleet of airplanes when, as a matter of fact, the Government, although spending millions of dollars, had lamentably failed in carrying out its promised aircraft programme; he also took more detailed exception to the Governmental policy of news sup-

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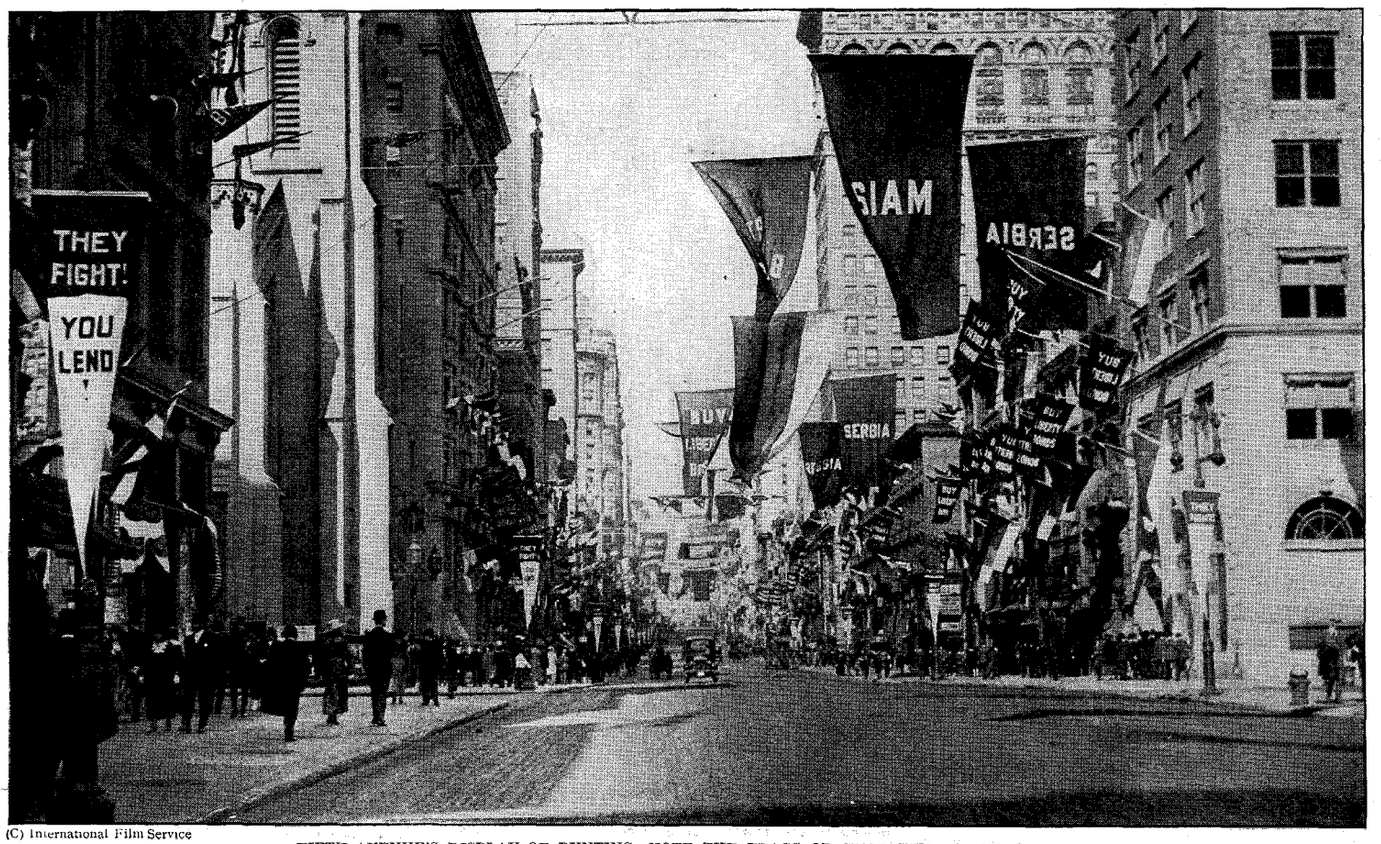

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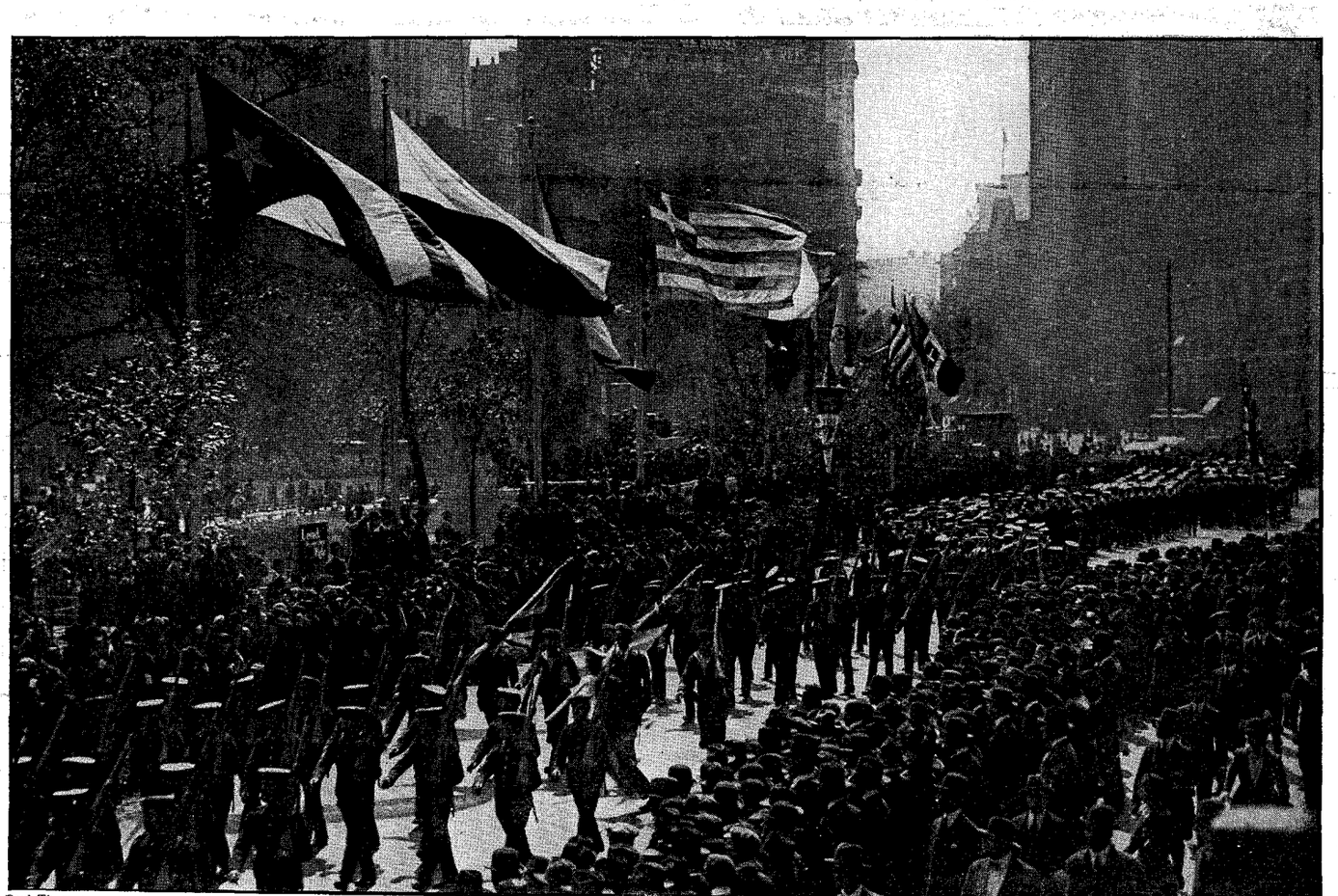
FIFTH AVENUE'S DISPLAY OF BUNTING—NOTE THE FLAGS OF SIAM, SERBIA, AND RUSSIA



Paul Thompson

BRITISH SAILORS HELPING ON THE ENTHUSIASM BY JOINING IN THE GREAT PARADE ON FIFTH AVENUE

THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN—STRIKING FEATURES OF THE CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK CITY

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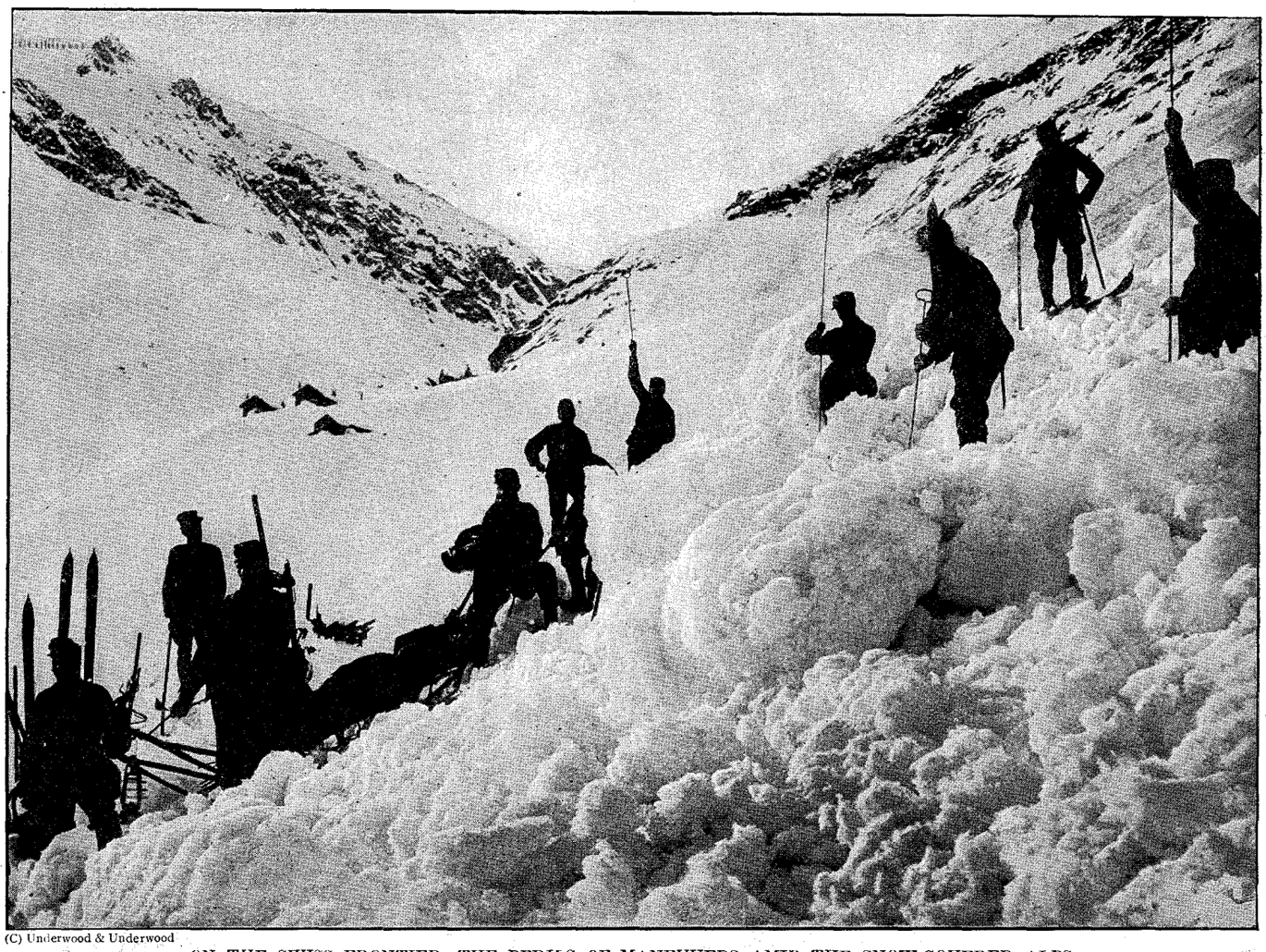

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ON THE SWISS FRONTIER—THE PERILS OF MANEUVERS AMID THE SNOW-COVERED ALPS

The information that accompanies this picture from Switzerland is to the effect that the troops who guard the mountain barriers are occasionally overwhelmed by avalanches while marching and must be excavated by their comrades, and that this photograph represents a rescue party

(C) International Film Service

STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LISTEN TO AN ADDRESS ON THEIR NEW DUTIES AS STUDENT-SOLDIERS

Three thousand students of Columbia took the oath of allegiance to the United States on October 1. The photograph shows Dean Woodbridge speaking from the steps of the University Library to the throng below. Similar scenes were enacted throughout the country

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(C) Harris & Ewing

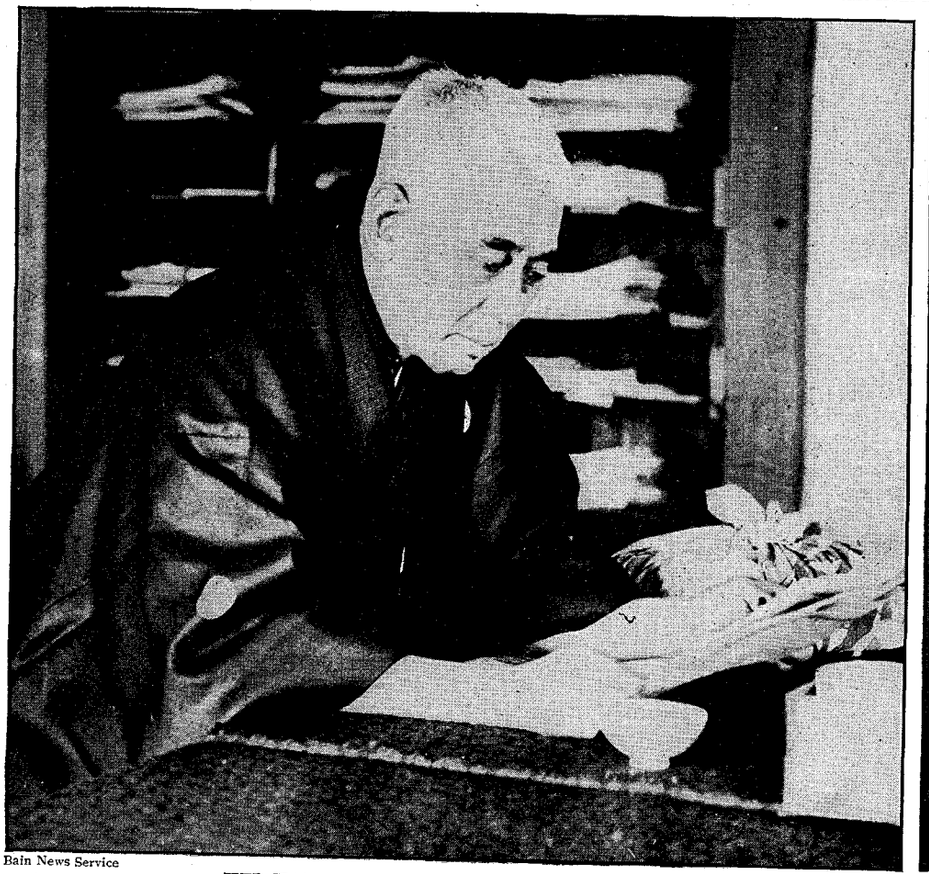
THE FIRST MINISTER OF MONTENEGRO TO AMERICA

General Gvosdenovitch, whose portrait appears above, is a veteran of five wars and wears decorations for bravery from three Governments

(C) International Film Service

GENERAL FRANCHET D'ESPEREY

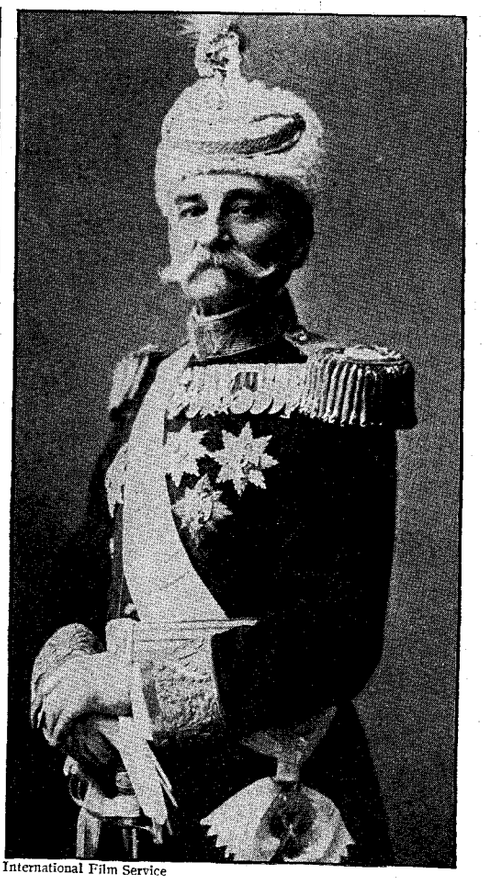
Commander-in-chief of the Allied forces in the Balkans. French and Serbians on this front have forced the surrender of the Bulgarians



Bain News Service

KEI HARA, THE NEW JAPANESE PREMIER

Kei Hara is one of the leaders of the Seiyu-kai party. In addition to being Premier he will, it is announced, also hold the portfolio of Minister of Justice. The new Cabinet succeeds the Terauchi administration. See comment elsewhere



International Film Service

KING PETER OF SERBIA

This picture of King Peter was taken before his country was devastated. As Serbia's King, he may now be restored to his throne

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pression, which had been partially responsible for the miasma of ignorance in which the country had been dwelling.

Other leaders in the Senate pointed out to me that Republican urgence for more speed and nothing else had awakened the country to its high duties toward this war; that only pressure had given us a large Army; that only persistent Republican demand had sent the necessary munitions abroad; that only Republican insistence had properly developed the shipbuilding programme; that only through constant Republican agitation had the War Department been put on even a fair working basis.

In the period between the Spanish and German wars Republicans stood continuously for construction and preparedness. Bearing this in mind, I sought him who for two decades has been the party's chief spokesman. I found him at the Harvard Club, New York City, where I asked him why we need a Republican Congress. He leaned across the table, seized me by the lapel of the coat, and spoke with that emphatic enunciation which is one of his marked personal characteristics.

"The lack of a Republican Congress," said Theodore Roosevelt, "has meant slowness and irresponsibility and a needless dragging on of the war, because the real constructive forces of this country are in the Republican party. Give us a Republican Congress this year, and we will be in a position to force immensely increased war efficiency. It could probably secure the appointment of a Director of Munitions and of an Air Minister, officials whom France, England, and Canada long since found essential, but the appointment of which the Democratic party has opposed through the hereditary inability of the Democrats to think in terms of a really efficient and organized Government. In all other ways that mean heightened war efficiency through concentrated and intensive co-ordination the Republicans are better fitted by temperament, training, and experience to achieve than are the Democrats.

"Now that the United States has become a world power in the fullest sense of the phrase, it can no longer trust for leadership to men who have stubbornly contended for the narrowest limitations of National authority, and who have thought in terms of the State rather than in terms of the Nation, and yet who have swallowed their own words whenever a momentary political advantage was to be gained thereby.

"Some people may point out to you that under the Democrats the United States has reached a greater centralization of authority than ever before This is true, but it is not in line with any principle. The Democrats run before the wind; they change and dodge; they seize any expediency; they unduly limit authority, they unduly extend it; but you cannot pin them down to a definite programme. On the other hand, we do know positively what the Republicans have done, what they stand for, and what they will do when they come into power again. It is the inevitable logic of events that the Republican doctrines, which are in direct opposition to the Democratic theories and practices of local government, as well as to their present abnormal trend toward paternalism, shall control the coming era.

"There should be a mutual responsibility for and a mutual check upon the extra-Constitutional powers granted the Chief Executive as war measures solely. The only way to have this is through the election of a Republican Congress. This is the people's war. The Republicans have backed it and have taken the lead in the war's support at least as much as have the Democrats, and yet the Administration, supported by a majority of the Democrats in Congress, has striven to make it a party war, conducted with a view to partisan advantage.

"The election of a Republican Congress would put the war on a really non-partisan basis, and would make it a people's war, to be pushed through until crowned by the peace of an overwhelming victory."

This same idea was first expressed to me in his New York office by Will H. Hays, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, who has sent the call across the country that the Republican party stands for three things: (1) Win the war now; (2) Peace with victory only; and (3) A sane preparation now for the problems of peace.

Mr. Hays has repeatedly declared that "a Republican Congress this year means primarily one thing, an ever-increasing vigorous prosecution of the war." He gave me his idea in the homely Hoosier way by saying: "This country has a heavy load and two great political horses to haul it. Let us harness them both together, fully and freely to share in pulling the load, each striving to see which can pull the harder."

On the Congressional Limited one afternoon I was seated next a gentleman whose expansive person combined with his breadth of manner indicated one whose vision ought to be anything but petty. It was the gentleman who for four years occupied the place now held by Mr. Wilson, and who for four years occupied that now held by Mr. Baker. I asked him what he thought of the contention I had heard advanced that day at luncheon by a Senator, that it might be well to let the Democratic party continue in the control of Congress, as that would mean a complete Democratic responsibility for possible future misconduct or failure. My kindly neighbor became instantly stern.

"With such a view," said Mr. Taft, "I have not the slightest patience. It is utterly beneath consideration. No American citizen can now consider any moment but the present. The party fortunes of 1920 must be allowed to take care of themselves. The only thought that any one can afford to entertain now is that a Republican control of Congress is needed imperatively to drive the American war programme on to a successful conclusion. The election in Maine proves that the American public is well aware which party has the better war record and which party can better be trusted to meet the war demands of the coming two years. The country knows that the Democratic leaders in Congress have fallen down repeatedly at important crises. They know that Chairman Dent, of the Military Affairs Committee, failed to meet the demands of his party leader, who in a great war crisis was also the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. They know that if the ranking Republican member of that Committee, Mr. Kahn, had not stepped into the breach and fought America's fight at a critical moment, the first Draft Law would not have gone through as it did. The American public knows what Champ Clark, what Claude Kitchin, what other Democratic leaders repeatedly did on the floor of the House to prevent the passage of necessary war measures, not only on the declaration of war itself, but even after the United States had been committed to its present high position. The country knows perfectly well that, judging the two parties only on their records in the present Congress, there is nothing to do but to give the Republicans the next control. The American Nation stands vitally in need of that control, and it will never be in greater need than in the coming Congress.

"No voter should have any thought of 1920 now. All other issues in the coming election are secondary to this: 'How can the United States achieve its highest war efficiency?' The only answer to that question lies in the study of the records of the two parties in the present Congress.

"If the Republicans controlled, they would be in a position to support, to accelerate, and to increase all the Presidential war powers; but their functions would be healthy ones, because they would be exercised without any fear of encountering the adverse criticism of voters and would be prompted wholly by a zealous desire to accomplish ever more and more in prosecuting the war."

"Is there any good ground," I asked, "for the contention of certain Democratic orators that Republican victory in November would be interpreted as favorable to Germany?"

"The Germans know perfectly well," promptly replied the ex-President, "that it will go even harder with them when the Republicans win this election. They are just as fully informed of the records of the two parties in Congress as they are of the military conditions. They know that they have more to fear from the Republicans than from the Democrats, judging the two parties by their records since April, 1917, by their preparedness records, and by their whole life records.

"Besides, they have our party declarations, and they know that there is not one Republican leader with claim to any titular rank in the party who has not proclaimed himself vigorously in favor of carrying the war to a speedy 'knock-out' victory. The German leaders will know definitely when the Republican Congress is elected in November that they have nothing to hope for from Americans except hot shot and more of it.

"Moreover, our allies, who are well informed as to our meth-

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ods of party government, would be immeasurably cheered by a Republican victory. They would know that that means a speeding up all along the line; that it means an end to all hesitation and delay; and they would recognize the fact that the will of the American people had been expressed at the polls in favor of the 'Win the War Now' policy."

In the less dramatic but not less essential field of taxation Republican thought is vainly trying to express itself now in legislation, and the leaders of the party ask for the control of the next Congress so that the war revenue bills of the future may lack some of the inequitable features of the war revenue bills passed in the present Congress. Republicans say that if they control the next Congress they will take the element of punishment out of taxation, which they contend should be controlled wholly for the purpose of raising the necessary revenues and of preserving their sources by a fair distribution of the burden. More than one Republican voice has been raised in warning that unless this principle is insisted on more fully this country may be hampered in the war by a sharp declination in our power to raise money.

It has been widely apparent that in the framing of our war revenue bills one Southern Representative coming from a small North Carolina town in an agricultural district has had a dominating voice. This is Mr. Claude Kitchin, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, who holds his commanding position, not by virtue of financial experience or knowledge, but solely through the rule of seniority and party organization. Mr. Kitchin voted against the resolution to declare war, and he has openly stated on the floor of the House that he intends to make the "Northern bankers" pay for it. It appears manifestly unfair that such a man should have the chief voice in financial legislation, especially when one considers that the great bulk of the revenue must be supplied by others than Southern agriculturists. There is only one way to eliminate Mr. Kitchin as a dominant factor in future war revenue bills, and that is through the election of a Republican Congress.

The election of a Republican Congress would change the chairmanships of many other important committees besides the House Committee on Ways and Means. Whether or not there is any justice in the statement that a spirit of sectionalism influences much of the Federal legislation under the control of committee chairmen in Congress from the South, it is nevertheless true that the South is very much more largely represented in such chairmanships than any other part of the country.

As an illustration of what changes would probably occur in chairmanships if the Republicans control Congress, it may be said that Mr. Kitchin, present Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House, would probably be supplanted by Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan, recognized internationally as a financial authority; that S. Hubert Dent, Jr., of Alabama, the present Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, who has been an ever-present peril to our military efficiency, probably would be supplanted by Julius Kahn, of California, who has twice saved the country's war programme; that Thomas S. Martin, of Virginia, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Appropriations, would probably be replaced either by John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, an accomplished banker and a graduate of Annapolis, or by Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, father-in-law of General Pershing; and, finally, that Senator Lodge, recognized everywhere as the leading political authority in this country on foreign affairs, and now minority leader in the Senate, would doubtless come to his own as the real director of the course of the Senate in foreign relations.

A vote in Indiana or California or New York, or in any State in the Union, if cast for Republican Congressmen, is just as effective in removing these chairmanships from the South as if cast in the States of the incumbents. The question is not one of sectionalism but of the inequity that results when the South spends the money while the North and West pay the bills.

While the military and financial prosecution of the war is the first issue before the country, the next commanding problem is doubtless that of reconstruction. All other countries except the United States are preparing constructively for peace. The United States alone is as unprepared for peace as she was for war. The Democrats show no disposition to consider in advance the reconstruction problem. They are no more the preparedness party for peace than they were the preparedness party for war. While they have the excuse for their delay in equipping the country with a proper war programme that the United States is not a militaristic Nation, and that it was for a time "too proud to fight," it is difficult to imagine what their excuse will be for a lack of preparedness for peace. Through Senator Weeks the Republicans have already introduced in the Senate a resolution calling for the appointment of a Committee on Reconstruction, which would adequately consider in advance the many problems that will be upon us at the drop of the peace hat, and which, if we are unprepared to meet them, may throw us into panics and confusions from which decades will not deliver us. It is true that Senator Overman, since Senator Weeks's proposal was made, has introduced a bill practically putting the control of all reconstruction policies into the hands of the President. But this plan cannot pass even a Democratic Congress without weeks of debate, if at all. A Democratic Congress will not meet these reconstruction problems at the only time that they properly can be met—in advance; a Republican Congress would meet them properly.

Beside an early log fire in his home at West Newton, Massachusetts, one brisk fall morning, Senator Weeks said to me: "Business men realize that in the war period and especially in the reconstruction period the Nation should have in control of its legislative functions practical men, not theorists. The Republican party has always appealed to business men, to little business as much as or more than to big business, and I think now that practically every one realizes that the Republicans are best fitted to shape legislation for the after-war period.

"People generally feel instinctively the danger in a continued control by the Government of the great industries and the operation by the Government of public utilities. Although the Government took over the railways on the understanding that they were to be returned to their several owners on the restoration of peace, the Democrats will accept a victory at the polls as a mandate of the people to make the present conditions permanent. No one knows exactly what the new order will be. Republicans do not expect to go back absolutely to the old order, but we do know that unless a Republican Congress comes into control the present tendency toward indiscriminate and wholesale socialization of industries and utilities will not be wisely checked, even if any unscrambling is undertaken.

"Another thing that a Republican Congress would do would be to prevent some of the waste and extravagance apparent on every hand. I recognize that it is impossible to prevent a certain amount of waste in waging war, but it has been proved that there is an undue amount now prevailing, and no attempt is being made to check it. Long ago I proposed a resolution in the Senate providing for a Committee on the Conduct of the War. My aim then was to have the chief function of this committee that of supervision of expenditures. Such an idea was not tolerated by the Democrats in control, but it seems to me that we should have it in some form, and that a Republican Congress will best insure this result."

Judging from a non-partisan standpoint, it appears that the only way to prevent the diversion to partisan uses of powers granted to the Chief Executive solely as war measures is in the return of a Republican Congress. Experience has shown that protest is unavailing, that public revelation of advantages taken by departmental heads of war conditions to further their political fortunes is unavailing. There appears to be only one way to "keep politics out of the war;" that is to give Republicans a Congressional control. That will not only keep politics, it will keep partisanship, out of the conduct of the war.

With a joint responsibility in the Government will come a joint use of the Nation's best brains. Thus only can the Republic realize its highest efficiency. With both parties hitched to the load, one at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue, the other at the other end, the thought of America and of the world for the next two years will be to discover which can pull the harder.

This article will be followed next week by one on "Why We Need a Democratic Congress," by a leading representative of the Democratic party

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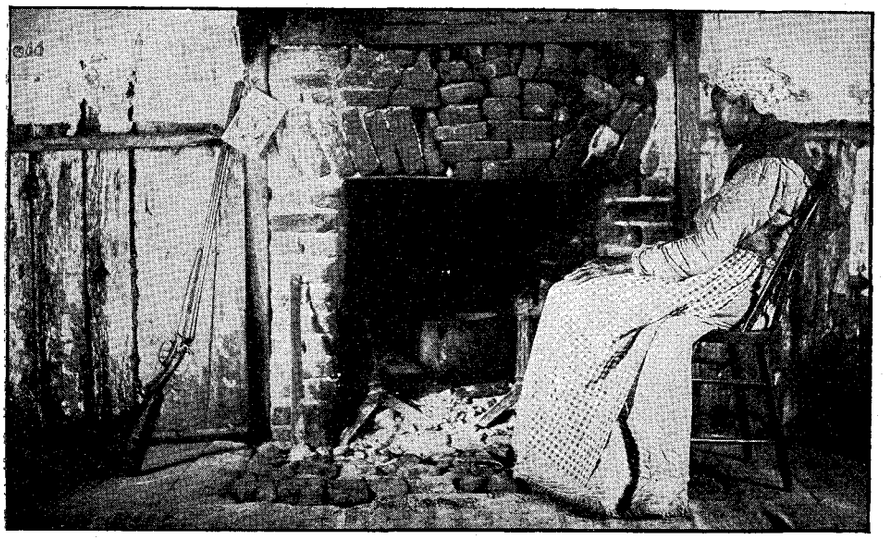

TEK KEER UV JIM

BY LEIGH RICHMOND MINER

Deah Lawd, I feels to lif' a li'l' prayer—
My boy Jim has done gone ovah thaih,

An' I'se so wuthless 'cep' to pray fu' him,
I ax yo', Lawd, will yo' tek keer uv Jim?

I reckon yo' don' know my boy Jim,
Dey's so many black boys tall 'n' slim,

But I'se gwine tell yo', Lawd, you'll know
him by his eyes,
Fu' evah sence he gin hisse'f—you'd be
surprise'

De look uv glory dat seem to cling—
Reckon sho' dat boy has seen de King

In all his glory, 'n' de light done shine
Back in dem eyes uv dat black boy uv
mine.

I craves to shaih dat vision 'long o' him,
But all I had to gin is gone—dat's Jim.

Gwine mek out, someway, outen him,
Ef, Lawd, yo'll jes' tek keer uv Jim.

Hampton Institute, Virginia.

LAUGHTER IN THE WAR

BY WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Dr. Stidger in this and previous articles describes his experiences when doing Y. M. C. A. work at the front.—THE EDITORS.

THOSE of us who have lived with our soldiers abroad, slept with them, and eaten with them come back with no sense of gloom or depression. I say to you that the most buoyant, happy, hopeful, confident crowd of men in the wide world to-day is the American Army in France.

If you could see them back of the lines, even within sound of the guns, playing a game of ball, if you could see them putting on a minstrel show in a Y. M. C. A. hotel in Paris, if you could see a team of white boys playing a team of Negro boys, if you could see a whole regiment go in swimming, if you could see them in a track meet, you would know that, in spite of war, they are living pretty normal lives.

The Americans had been there only a week. But it hadn't taken them long to get acquainted with the French soldiers. About all the two watch-trading Americans knew of French was "*Oui! Oui!*" and they used this every minute.

An American soldier had a four-dollar radium watch, and this illuminated timepiece had caught the eye of the French soldier. He, in turn, had an expensive, jeweled Swiss-movement pocket watch.

They stood and argued. Several times during the interesting transaction the American shrugged his shoulders and walked away as if to say: "Oh, I don't want your old watch. It isn't worth anything."

Then they would get together again and the gesticulating would begin all over, while the machine-gun staccato of "*oui, oui's*" would rattle again, and the argument would continue, without either one of the contracting parties knowing the other's language.

At last I saw the American soldier unstrap his watch and hand it over to the Frenchman, who in turn pulled out the good Swiss-movement watch, and both parties to the transaction went off happy, for each had got what he wanted.

What follows was told me by a wounded boy one Sunday afternoon back of the Notre Dame Cathedral. He was invalided from the Château Thierry scrap in which the American Marines had played such a heroic part. He was a member of the Marines and was slightly wounded. He saw that I was a secretary, and thought to play a good joke on me. He pulled out of his breast pocket a small black thing that looked and was bound just like a Bible. Its corner was dented, and it was plain to be seen that a bullet had hit it and that that book had stopped its death-dealing course.

I should have been warned by a gleam that I saw in his eyes, but was not. I said, "So, you see, it's a good thing to be carrying a Bible around in your pocket."

"Yes, that saved my life last week," he said, impressively. Then he showed me the hole in his blouse where it had hit. The hole was still torn and ragged. In the meantime I was opening what I thought was his Bible.

It was a deck of cards.

I can hear that fine American lad's laughter yet. It startled the group of old men playing checkers on a park bench into forgetting their game and joining in the fun. Everybody stopped to see what the fun was about. That lad had a good one on the secretary, and he was enjoying it as much as the secretary himself.

Then he said, "Now I'll tell you a good story to make up for fooling you."

"You had better," I said, with a sheepish grin. Then came the story.

"There was a fellow named Rosenbaum brought in with me to the Paris hospital, wounded in three places. They put me beside him, and he told me his story.

"It was at Belleau Woods, and the Americans were plunging through to the other side, driving the Boche before them. This Jewish boy is from New York City and one of the favorites of the whole Marine outfit. He had got separated from his friends. Suddenly he was confronted by a German captain with a belching automatic revolver. The Hun got him in the shoulder with the first shot. Then the American made a lunge with his bayonet and ran the captain through the neck, but not before the captain shot him again twice through the left leg. The two fell together. When the boy from New York came to consciousness, he reached out, and there was the dead German officer lying beside him.

"The boy took off the captain's helmet first and pulled it over to himself. Then he took his revolver and his cartridge-belt and put them all in a little pile. Then he took off the officer's shoes and his trousers and every stitch of clothes that he had, and painfully strapped them around himself, in spite of his wounds, under his own blouse. After he had done this he strapped the officer's belt on himself. When the stretcher-bearers got to him and had taken him in to a First Aid and they took his clothes off, they found the officer's outfit.

"'Say, boy, are you a walking pawnshop?' the good-natured doctor said, and he proceeded to take the souvenirs away.

"This was the military procedure, but the New York boy cried and said, 'I'll die on your hands if you take them away.'

"He was a serious case, and so they humored him and let him keep his souvenirs; and when I saw them take him out to a base hospital this morning he still had them strapped to him, with a grin on his face like a darky eating watermelon."

"What did you say his name was?" I asked.

"Rosenbaum," the boy replied. "Rosenbaum, from New York."

"Say," added another soldier who was standing near, "if they'd only recruit a regiment like that from America, we'd send the whole German army back to Berlin naked."

Then we all had another good laugh, which, in its turn, disturbed the old men playing checkers on the bench under the trees back of Notre Dame. But the soldier who told me the story added thoughtfully a truth that every one in France knows.

"At that, I'm tellin' you, boy, there aren't any braver soldiers in the American Army than the Jewish boys from New York. I got 'a hand it to them."

"Yes, we all do," I replied.

This good-natured raillery goes on all over the Army, for it is a cosmopolitan crowd, such as never before wore the uniform of the United States; and each group—the Negro group, the Italian group, the Jewish group, the Slav group, the Western group, the Southern group, the Eastern group—has its little fun at the expense of

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the others, and out of it all comes much laughter and no bitterness.

The Jewish boy loves to repeat a good joke on his own kind as well as the others. I myself saw a letter that a Jewish boy was writing to his uncle in New York eulogizing the Y. M. C. A. He was not an educated lad, but he was a wonderfully sincere boy and he pleaded his cause well. He had been treated so well by the Y that he wanted his uncle to give all his spare cash to that great organization. This is the letter:

Dear Uncle:

This here Y. M. C. A. is the goods. They gives you chocolate when you're goin into the trenches and they gives you chocolate when you're comin out, and they don't charge you nothin for it neither. If you are givin any money . . . you give it to them Y. M. C. A.'s. They treat you right. They have entertainments for you and wrestlin matches, and they give you a place to write. And what's more, uncle, *they don't have no respect fer no religion.* Yours, BILL.

The Gothas had come over the night before, and so had a group of some one hundred and fifty new Y secretaries. The Gothas had played havoc with two blocks of buildings on a certain Paris street because of the fact that the bombs they dropped had severed the gas mains. The result did have a look of desolation, I'll have to admit. So far the new secretaries had done no damage.

Now there is one thing common to all the newly arrived in France, be they Y. M. C. A. secretaries, Knights of Columbus workers, Red Cross men, or just the common garden variety of "investigators," and that is that for about two weeks they are alert to hear the bloodiest, most drippy and "desolate-with-danger" stories that they can hear, for the high and holy purpose of writing back home to their favorite paper or to their wives or sweethearts of how near they were to getting killed; of how the bombs fell just a few minutes before or just a few minutes after they were "on that very spot;" of how the raid came the very night after they were in London or Paris; of how just after they had walked along a certain street the Big Bertha had dropped a shell there; of how the night after they had slept in a certain hotel down in Nancy the Germans blew it up. We're all alike the first week, and staid war correspondents are no exception to the rule. It gets them all.

I came on my friend, an eloquent Y. M. C. A. secretary, telling this crowd of eager new secretaries of the damage that the Gothas had done the night before. There they stood in a corner of the hotel with open ears, eyes, and mouths. Most of them were on their toes, ready to make a break for their rooms and get all the horrible details down in their letters home and their diaries before they escaped them. When I came in, this nonchalant narrator was having the time of his young life. He was reveling in description. Color and fire and blood and ruin and desecration flowed from his eloquent lips like water over Niagara.

When I got close enough to hear, he was at his most climactic and last period of eloquence. He made a gesture with one hand, waving it gracefully into the air full-length with these words: "Why, gentlemen, I didn't see anything worse at the San Francisco earthquake!"

In three seconds that crowd had disappeared, each to his own letter and each to his own diary. Not a detail must escape. How wonderful it would be to describe that awful destruction, and say at the end of the letter, "And this happened just the night before we reached Paris!"

Only the vivid artist of description and myself remained in the hotel lobby, and, having heard him mention San Francisco, my own home, I was naturally curious and wanted to talk a bit over old times, so I went up to the gentleman and said: "I heard you say to that gang that you hadn't seen anything worse at the San Francisco earthquake, so I thought I'd have a chat about San Francisco with you."

"Why, I was never in San Francisco in my life," he said, with a grin.

"But you said to those boys, 'I didn't see anything worse at the San Francisco earthquake,'" I replied.

"Well, I didn't, for I wasn't there. I just gave them guys what they was lookin' for in all its horrible details, didn't I? Ain't they satisfied? Well, so am I, Bo."

This story has a meaning all its own in addition to the fact that it produced one of the bright spots in my experiences in France. That eloquent secretary represents a type who will tell the public about anything he thinks it wants to know about the "horrible details" of war in France.

One characteristic of the American soldier in France is his absolute fearlessness about dangers. He doesn't know how to be afraid. He wants to see all that is going on. The French tap their heads and say he is crazy—a gesture they have learned from America. And they have reason to think so. When the "alert" blows for an air raid, the French and English have learned to respect it. Not so the American soldier.

"Think I'm comin' clear across that darned ocean to see something and then duck down into some blamed old cellars or caves and not see anything that's goin' on? Not on your life! None o' that for me! I'm going to get right out on the street where I can see the whole darned show!"

One night during a heavy raid in Paris, when the French were safely hidden in the *abris* because they had sense enough to protect themselves, I saw about twenty sober but hilarious American soldiers marching down the middle of the boulevard, arm in arm, singing "Sweet Adelaide" at the top of their voices, while the bombs were dropping all over Paris and a continuous barrage from the anti-aircraft guns was cannonading until it sounded like a great front-line battle.

That night I happened to be watching the raid myself from a convenient street corner. Unconsciously I stood up against a street lamp with a shade over me made of tin about the size of a soldier's steel helmet. Along came a French girl of the streets, looked at me standing there under that tiny canopy, and, with a laugh, said as she swiftly passed me, "*C'est un abri, messieur?*" (Is it a shelter?), looking up. The air raid had not dampened her sense of humor even if it had destroyed her trade for that night.

Another story illustrative of the never-die spirit of the French women in spite of their sorrows and losses: One night, when the rain was pouring in torrents, a desolate, chilly night, I saw a girl of the streets standing where the rain had soaked her through and through. Were her spirits dampened? Was she discouraged? Was she blue? No; she stood there in the rain humming the air of an opera oblivious of the fact that she was soaked through and through and cold to the bone.

This is the undying spirit of France. I do not know whether this girl was driven to her occupation because she had lost her husband in the war, but I do know that many have been. I do not know anything about her life. I do know that there she stood, soaked through and through, a frail child of the street, singing in the rain. The silhouette of this frail girl and her spirit is typical of France, "Her head though bloody is unbowed." Somehow that sight gave me strength.

The reaction of the German submarining in American waters on the boys "Over There" will be interesting to home folks. When the news got to France that submarines were plying in American waters near New York, did it produce consternation? No. Did it produce regret? No. Did it make them mad? No.

It made them laugh. All over France the boys laughed; laughed uproariously, doubled up and laughed. I found this everywhere. I do not attempt to explain it. It just struck their funny-bones. I heard one fellow say, "Now the next best thing would be for a sub some night when there was nobody in the offices to throw a few shells into one of those New York sky-scrapers."

"I'll say so! I'll say so!" was the laughing reply.

"Wow! There'd be something doin' at home then, wouldn't there?" my friend the artillery captain said with a grin.

As the Negro stevedores marched to work, winter and summer, rain or shine, night or day, they were always whistling or singing as they marched, to the wonderment of French and English alike. Their spirits never seemed to be dampened. They always marched to music of their own making. There was that baseball game when an entire company of Negroes, watching their team play a white team, at the climax of the game, when one Negro boy had knocked a home run, ran around the bases with him, more than two hundred laughing, shouting, grinning, singing, yelling Negroes, helping to bring in the score that won the game. Then there was that Sunday morning when several white captains decided that their Negro boys should have a bath. They took their boys down to an ocean beach. It was a bit chilly. The Negroes stripped at order, but they didn't like the idea of going into that cold ocean water. One captain solved the difficulty. He took his own clothes off. He got in front of his men. He lined them up in formation. Then he said: "Now, boys, we're going to play that ocean is full of Germans. You stevedores are always complaining about not getting up front, and you tell me what you'd do to the Germans if you once got up front. Now I'm going to see how much nerve you've got. When I say, 'Forward! March!' it is a military order. I'm going to lead you into that water. We are going in military formation.

"Forward! March!"

And into the surf that company of black soldiers marched, into that cold ocean water, dreading it with all their souls, but soldiers to the core, without a quaver, eyes to the front, heads up, chests out, unflinchingly, up to their knees, up to their waists, up to their chins, when the captain shouted, "As you were," and such a hilarious, shouting, laughing, splashing, jumping, yelling, fun-filled hour as followed the world never saw. The gleaming of white teeth, the flashing of ebony limbs through green water and under sparkling sunlight that Sunday morning, was full of a fine type of fun and laughter that made the world a better place to live in, and certainly a cleaner place.

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of October 9, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Collapse of Bulgaria; The Defeat and the Surrender.

Reference: Pages 201–203.

Questions:

1. What reasons does The Outlook give for the entrance of Bulgaria into this war and for her exit from it? 2. Do you think these sufficient reasons for her actions? If Belgium should leave the war for the same reasons, would you commend or condemn her? Tell why. 3. What to you is the first and most obvious meaning of Bulgaria's surrender? 4. What are the military and political consequences of the Bulgarian armistice as set forth by The Outlook? Add some others of your own. Study The Outlook's map in answering this question. 5. Explain why the terms accepted by Bulgaria "went beyond the ordinary conditions of an unconditional surrender." 6. Give reasons why the comment quoted from the New York "Times" is sound and valuable. 7. Tell why you think the following statement is or is not an exaggeration: "The value of Bulgaria to the Teutonic powers is geographical above all." 8. Comment on the justice of the following: "Bulgaria is the Prussia of the Balkans." "The Bulgarians are no more to be trusted than the ruling powers in Berlin." 9. The Outlook thinks that Rumania "may be brought again into the war on the side of the Allies." Why? 10. Why did Rumania enter the war? On which side was she? 11. What causes determined the Rumanian Government to conclude peace with Germany? Do these justify her action? 12. Give a brief sketch of Rumania's history and tell of her resources. 13. "Rumania's Sacrifice," by Gogu Negulesco (Century), is a valuable book.

B. Topic: The President's Conditions of Peace.

Reference: Editorial, pages 208, 209.

Questions:

1. What is a conspiracy? Who is an accomplice? The Outlook speaks of Germany's conspiracy. Explain at length what it was. 2. From what the President and The Outlook say, explain the character of this war. 3. Make it clear why America entered this war and "the ends we shall insist upon obtaining." 4. What would "impartial justice meted out" to Germany consist of? What do the courts usually consider justice to a criminal to be? 5. What does the President mean when he says: "We do not think the same thoughts [as Germany] or speak the same language of agreement"? 6. If the Hohenzollern dynasty should make pledges of surrender, repentance, and reform, would you be willing to accept them? Reasons. 7. Explain in your own words each one of the President's five principles that should govern a League of Nations. 8. What is The Outlook's view of a League of Nations? Tell, with reasons, what you think of this plan. 9. If you are looking for some excellent books on the League of Nations movement, get "League of Nations," by Theodore Marburg; "A League of Nations," by H. N. Brailsford; "A League to Enforce Peace," by Robert Goldsmith (all published by Macmillan).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Woman Suffrage.

Reference: Pages 203, 204.

Questions:

1. State the President's argument for woman suffrage. Is his argument sound? Discuss. 2. Tell why you do or do not favor woman suffrage. 3. What points in civil government do you learn from this reference? 4. Explain: "Not suffrage, but the Senate of the United States, is on trial." 5. Discuss the appropriateness of this statement: Those who are against equal suffrage "cannot turn back the tides of liberalism the world around." 6. New York State has committed itself to woman suffrage. Senator Wadsworth, of New York, voted against this suffrage amendment to the Constitution. Produce an argument showing why he should or should not be returned to the Senate. 7. Would it be wise to have the adoption of a Constitutional amendment decided by majority vote in Congress? Discuss.

B. Topic: Fourth Liberty Loan; Think—Buy.

Reference: Page 201.

Questions:

1. What points of information does The Outlook give about the Fourth Liberty Loan? 2. *Think* about the Liberty Loan Committee advertisement reproduced by The Outlook, and then tell what your thoughts are. 3. Give reasons for the truth of the following statement: Those who subscribe to the Liberty Loan "are fighting Germany as truly as if they were firing guns at Metz."

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. Patriotism is what one does, not what one feels. 2. There is a vast difference between liberty and license. 3. Every individual is a lawmaker.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for October 9, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

"Mittel Europa" (202); demobilize, evacuate (203); metropolitan, the people's conscience, dynasty, Potsdam (208); concomitants, league, alliance, boycott, statesmanship, proportional representation (209); majority, ratification (203); sirens, fiscal year (201).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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Red Cross, Y. M. C. A.
and Allied Organizations

Letters of Credit are the safest and most convenient medium for carrying funds.

During the war we are issuing such Credits, ***free of commission,*** to officers and men in the U. S. Army and Navy, and to those engaged in Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., and allied organization work.

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Keep the Plow Shares Turning
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E. J. Lander & Co., Grand Forks, N. D.
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Our Human Machines

will win the war.

Is *yours* in condition to stand the tense mental and physical strain of the coming winter?

If you are not *sure, make sure.* Take a little recreation to smooth out and oil up its rough bearings. Forced effort weakens the heart—your "human" engine slows down. Give yourself an intelligent rest and have this most important "*Human Machine*" of yours set right.

It is your *patriotic* duty to keep *supremely fit* now.

and, in this connection—

THE GLEN SPRINGS
The Pioneer American "Cure"
For Heart Disorders
WATKINS GLEN NEW YORK
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WHITTIER TO ENGLISHMEN

Most telling at this juncture is the following excerpt from your Whittier's poem, published 1863, "To Englishmen:"

O Englishmen! in hope and creed,
In word and tongue, our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

Believe me, with fraternal greetings,
Yours in sincerity,
(Rev.) THEODORE P. BROCKLEHURST,
Vicar of Giggleswick-in-Craven,
Yorkshire, England.

HOW THE LAW REFINED HIS JOB

BY C. H. IBERSHOFF

The other day, while traveling through Michigan, I fell into conversation with a fellow-passenger. We happened to be discussing the recently enacted prohibition law of the State when the conductor, who was close enough to overhear us, joined in our conversation. Being a man of experience, his testimony as to the remarkable change wrought by the Michigan dry law will no doubt prove interesting to many of your readers and may possibly be used as an argument to hasten the advent of prohibition in other States of the Union, not to mention foreign countries.

"I have sometimes had," the conductor informed us, "as many as one hundred and fifty drunks on my train. There have been times when we had literally a solid row of broken windows in one car. Frequently I have had to act the part of a prize-fighter, since there was nothing for me to do but to sail into the more violent drunks and subdue them. On such occasions I have often had the welcome assistance of commercial travelers. For me the dry law has indeed proved a blessing, for it has transformed my job into a gentleman's job." And as he spoke his words had the unmistakable ring of truth and personal gratitude.

MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG

We frequently read articles in which there is a refusal to agree with the words of Decatur: "In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be right; but our country, right or wrong."

These critics do not get the real meaning of his words. Many years ago I remember hearing a daughter apologize to a sheriff for paying the fine against her father and taking him home. She said, "Drunk or sober, he is my father." She recognized the relationship as forever settled, and also her obligation to the father under any and all circumstances. Decatur had but one country. He could have no other. He wished it to always be in the right, but, right or wrong, it remained his country and his obligation to it fixed, unchangeably fixed, because of that relationship. I can see no reason for criticism of his words.

L. M. GRIMES.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Your Tooth Brush
Can be Ten-Fold More Effective

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Omit the Film

Ordinary brushing, as millions know, fails to save the teeth.

Teeth still discolor, still decay. Tartar forms and pyorrhea starts. From time to time, accumulations must be removed by a dentist.

The trouble lies in a clinging film which is constantly formed on the teeth. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And that is what you largely fail to reach.

This film is what discolors, not your teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So that film is the teeth's great enemy—the one which you must combat.

Dental science had for years sought a way to fight it. Now that way is found. Clinical tests have proved this beyond question.

It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent, and we urge you to see what it does.

Try This Way Once

That film is albuminous, so we now apply pepsin to it—the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, in crevices and elsewhere. Then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth.

A harmless method has been found to activate the pepsin. Five governments have already granted patents. That method is employed in Pepsodent alone. And many tests have proved its efficiency on film. It is endorsed by many able authorities.

You can quickly see that Pepsodent does what nothing else has done. One week will give you a new idea of what teeth cleaning means.

Send the coupon for a One-Week tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your teeth's sake. Compare the results with the old ways. You can judge for yourself. After that week you will never return to old methods, we believe. Cut out the coupon now.

Return your empty tooth paste tubes to the nearest Red Cross Station

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Sold by Druggists Everywhere—
A Scientific Product

(134)

One-Week Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 184, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
Mail One-Week Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

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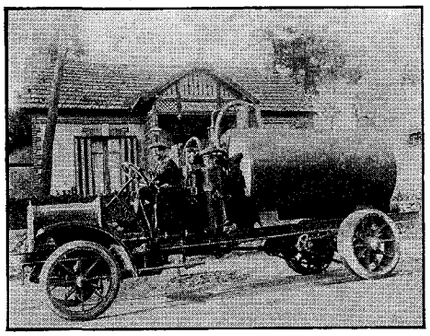
THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

MANY GOVERNMENT USES FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

SINCE our entrance into the war the motor truck has come to play a most important part. It has become a vital factor in war transportation, and is employed for an endless variety of purposes by the Government. It is now a common sight to see numbers of large trucks rolling through the streets and along the highways carrying war material of every description.

At the front the motor truck is absolutely indispensable. It carries food, ammunition, and all sorts of supplies to the firing line. It often carries fresh troops forward and conveys the wounded to the rear. It is extensively used in the camps and cantonments for every conceivable purpose of transportation.



TRENCH SCAVENGER

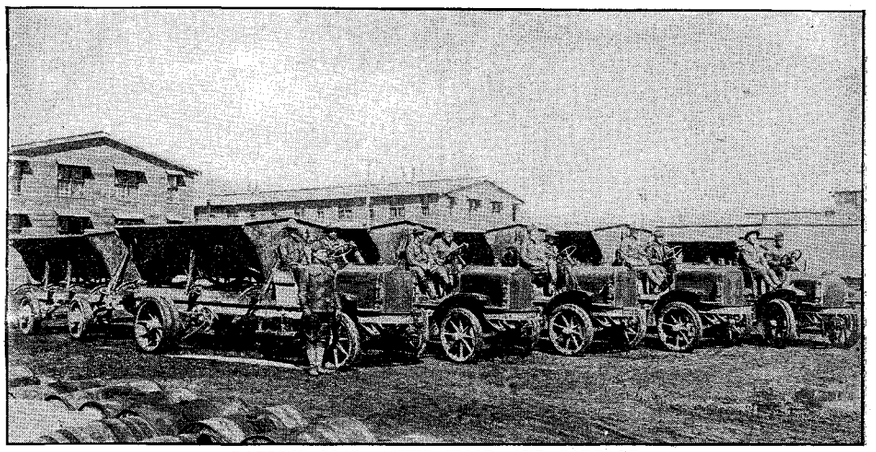
The tank and powerful pumps are used to lift water and filth from the trenches and pools and to perform other sanitary work

For example, United States road engineers in France are using thousands of motor trucks in construction work back of our lines. Hundreds of miles of highways have been built this past summer. Special trucks used in this work comprise dump trucks, road oilers, pressure sprinklers, printing-press trucks for making blueprints quickly, machine-shop trucks, blacksmith and tool-repairing trucks, etc.

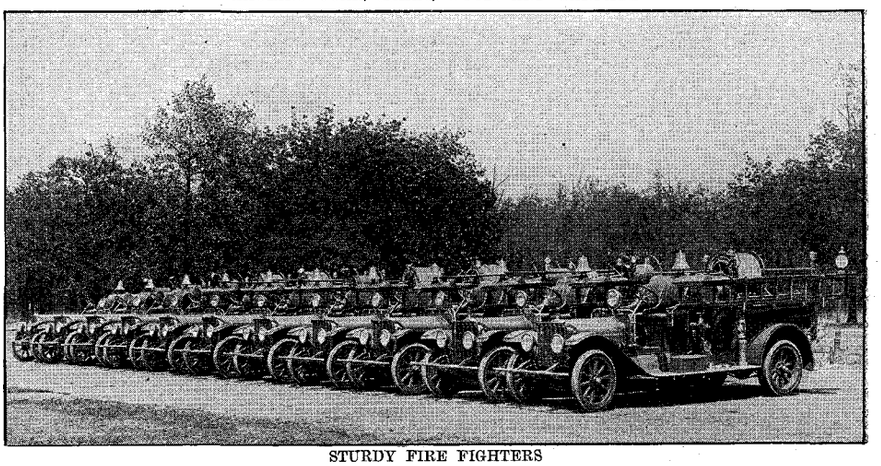
In this country the motor truck has become a most important supplement to the National railway transportation system. Truck trains are operating between the large manufacturing and shipping centers, and thus a huge volume of Army and Navy supplies is kept constantly moving.

The Government is also rapidly establishing postal truck routes between important points, and rural parcel post delivery by motor truck is becoming quite general.

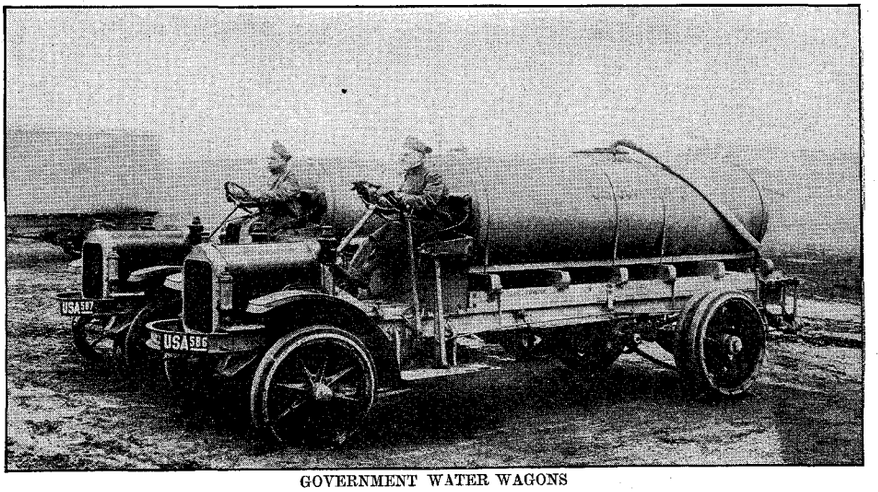
The accompanying photographs show a few of the many new war uses for motor trucks. These have been furnished us through the courtesy of the White Company of Cleveland.



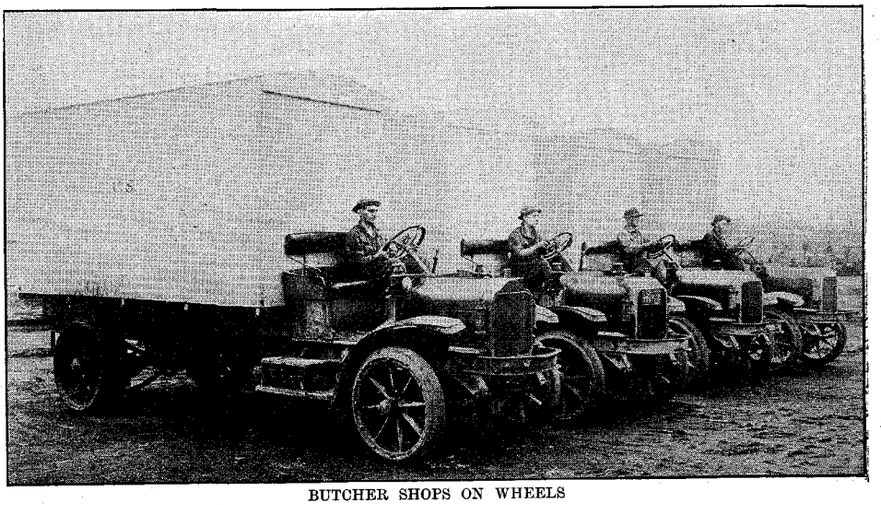
HAULING COAL, ASHES, WOOD, AND GARBAGE



STURDY FIRE FIGHTERS



GOVERNMENT WATER WAGONS



BUTCHER SHOPS ON WHEELS

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A

Mellin's Food Girl

Margaret J. Allen, Youngstown, Ohio.

If your baby is not doing as well as you hoped he would, use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

Reduce Your Weight

YOU can get rid of excess flesh as sure as sunrise tomorrow. If you do not possess a *perfect* figure, correct *poise* and abundant *health*, let me help you. You can accomplish these things in a simple way—in your room.

I know you can because I've helped 85,000 women and what I have done for so many I can do for you.

Don't reduce by drugs or diet alone. You'll look old if you do. You should have the proper exercise to reduce your figure *just where you want it reduced.*

I build your vitality, strengthen your heart and teach you to stand, walk and breathe correctly, as I reduce you.

If you send me your height, I'll tell you just what you should weigh. No charge—and I'll send you my 28-page illustrated booklet FREE. Write me. I'd like to tell you of my wonderful experience.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 8 624 South Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.

Not a word is yet read; the mere look of it tells the story

Crane's Linen Lawn

[THE CORRECT WRITING PAPER]

has a distinction in style that is not questioned. Its quality and depth of character is apparent

Usable samples sent on request for twenty-five cents

EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
New York Pittsfield, Mass.

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Advertising Rates: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address, for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the date of issue when it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Hotels and Resorts

CALIFORNIA

San Ysidro Ranch

Bungalows of various sizes situated on the foothills among orange groves, overlooking the sea. Central dining-room, electric lights, hot and cold water. Six miles from Santa Barbara, two miles from ocean. Booklet. Address Mrs. HARLEIGH JOHNSTON, San Ysidro Ranch, Santa Barbara, California.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave. Boston
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Globe Trotters call the Puritan one of the most homelike hotels in the world.
Your inquiries gladly answered and our booklet mailed
OT-Costello-Mgr.

If You Are Tired or Not Feeling Well
you cannot find a more comfortable place in New England than

THE WELDON HOTEL
GREENFIELD, MASS.
It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

NEW YORK

GOLDTHWAITE INN and COTTAGES, on GREAT SOUTH BAY, BELLPORT, L. I. Lloyd Cottage open all year. Ideal weather on Long Island September, October, and November. Golf, tennis, sailing, bathing, motoring.

PHILIPSE MANOR INN
Directly on the Hudson River at North Tarrytown, 26 miles out. For those seeking the advantages of a home without its cares. Beautiful location, easy commuting. Fall and winter rates by the day or week. Telephone, Tarrytown 176.

NEW YORK CITY

Hotel Le Marquis
31st Street & Fifth Avenue
New York

Combines every convenience and home comfort, and commends itself to people of refinement wishing to live on American Plan and be within easy reach of social and dramatic centers.

Room and bath $4.50 per day with meals, or $2.50 per day without meals.

Illustrated Booklet gladly sent upon request. JOHN P. TOLSON.

Hotels and Resorts

NEW YORK CITY

HOTEL JUDSON 53 Washington Square
adjoining Judson Memorial Church. Rooms with and without bath. Rates $2.50 per day, including meals. Special rates for two weeks or more. Location very central. Convenient to all elevated and street car lines.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Furnished Bungalows
To Rent for Month or Season
Delightful high, dry climate. Table board if required. GREENACRE, Aiken, S. C.

Health Resorts

Sanford Hall, est. 1841
Private Hospital
For Mental and Nervous Diseases

Comfortable homelike surroundings; modern methods of treatment; competent nurses. 15 acres of lawn, park, flower and vegetable gardens. Food the best. *Write for booklet.*

Sanford Hall Flushing New York

LINDEN The Ideal Place for Sick People to Get Well
Doylestown, Pa. An institution devoted to the personal study and specialized treatment of the invalid. Massage, Electricity, Hydrotherapy. Apply for circular to ROBERT LIPPINCOTT WALTER, M.D. (late of The Walter Sanitarium)

Dr. Reeves' Sanitarium
A Private Home for chronic, nervous, and mental patients. Also elderly people requiring care. Harriet E. Reeves, M.D., Melrose, Mass.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

Florida FOR RENT OR SALE. 2 completely furnished cottages. Garage, dock, Indian River frontage. $350–$150 season. Fishing. BLAIR, Cocoa, Fla. Box 32.

Real Estate

FLORIDA

Lake Front Orange Groves
in bearing, near beautiful WINTER HAVEN, FLA. $4,500 to $25,000. E. S. WADSWORTH, Lakeland, Fla.

CONNECTICUT

FOR SALE—20 ACRES

Some cultivating; new fair-sized bungalow with large veranda, field stone fireplace, high elevation, attractive view, only eight minutes' walk from the Woodbury trolley, ten miles from Waterbury. It will suit you. Price only $1,400, $800 cash.
J. J. CASSIDY, Woodbury, Conn. Phone 139.

Country Board

WANTED A Few Select Boarders
in nice modern cottage. Elderly people preferred. A permanent home if wanted. Write Mrs. Floyd, Fleischmanns, Catskills Mts., N.Y.

HELP WANTED

Business Situations

WANTED—Women between twenty-five and fifty years. Travel and sell business men. Soliciting experience unnecessary and undesired. Attractive personality, polite persistency, pleasantness, and obedience are. Users of liquors, tobacco, or drugs undesired. Drab pessimists will not succeed; sensible optimists will. Permanent salaried position, with free summers and advancement. Address Box 214, Carlisle, Pa.

KNITTERS on infants' bootees, sweaters, blankets. Work sent out of town. The R. R. Barringer Co., 29 E. 31st St., New York City.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Mother's helper to help with light housework and the care of two children. Address Philip D. Elliot, 20 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—Working housekeeper and an industrial teacher in country home for girls—ages between 4 and 18 years. 6,304, Outlook.

WANTED, housekeeper. Capable and intelligent woman to supervise and manage large residence for a private Pittsburgh family. Permanent position for one fully qualified. Reply, giving references and housekeeping experience, to Post Office Box 1,139, Pittsburgh, Pa.

WANTED—Capable young Protestant woman as girls' caretaker in orphanage. Health essential. Salary $25 month. Comfortable house, laundry. References. 6,310, Outlook.

WANTED—Refined young woman as mother's helper to assist in care of little girl aged six. Home in Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. 6,311, Outlook.

HELP WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED—Male nurse or attendant to assist trained nurse in care of young man; private home, hour from New York. 6,316, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N.Y.

WANTED — Experienced nursery governess. Mrs. J. S. Dye, 160 Prospect St., Waterbury, Conn.

WANTED—Teacher for two boys, 6 and 5. *Must understand physical care and be capable* taking entire charge. Country all year. Write fully as to experience, salary, references. 6,305, Outlook.

TEACHERS desiring school or college positions apply International Musical and Educational Agency, Carnegie Hall, N. Y.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

WANTED, by a woman aged 43, position as housekeeper of institution or hotel. 6,309, Outlook.

COMPANION—Refined New England woman desires position as companion. Personal references. 6,314, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

WANTED, by teacher of broad experience and training, position as teacher and companion to child needing individual care. Capable of taking entire charge. References. 6,308, Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, home economics, B.S., executive, business ability, two years' teaching, county work, desires position at once. References. 6,312, Outlook.

TUTOR—Master Science, Paris University, discharged French Army, looking position New York. Experience French and American schools. Highest references. 6,313, Outlook.

BEGINNERS and more advanced pupils for private classes in school work will be accepted by trained lady teacher of high ability and long experience. First-class references. 6,315, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of Patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER with our new 1919 carburetors; 34 miles per gallon. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Increased power. Styles for any motor. Very slow on high. Attach it yourself. Big profits to agents. Money back guarantee. 30 days' trial. Air Friction Carburetor Co., 240 Madison, Dayton, Ohio.

MOTHER will take motherless little girl or boy in refined, attractive home and give child a loving mother's care. 6,306, Outlook.

IF you are in the habit of buying The Outlook at a news-stand, it will be to your advantage to place a standing order with your newsdealer. The War Industries Board has requested publishers to discontinue the acceptance of unsold copies from newsdealers, and in conformity with that request The Outlook is now non-returnable. To prevent loss, therefore, newsdealers must limit their orders to actual sales. Buyers at news-stands may co-operate and avoid disappointment by giving their dealer a standing order for the weekly delivery of The Outlook

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

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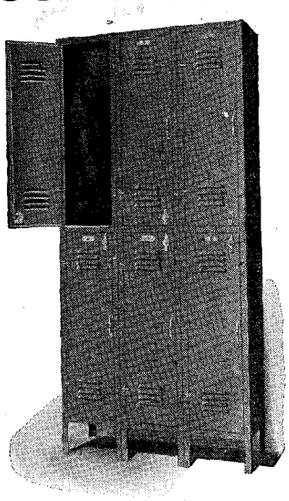
DURAND
Steel Lockers



TYPE L. D.

LOCKERS must do more than merely look well. Durand Steel Lockers do that; but they are also designed for utmost convenience; they are made of the best materials procurable, by skilled labor; they will last a lifetime or longer; they are fireproof, aseptic, indestructible.

Send for our catalogue before you do anything about lockers.

We are also manufacturers of steel shelving, steel bins and general steel factory equipment

DURAND STEEL LOCKER CO.

1573 Ft. Dearborn Bk. Bldg. Chicago — 973 Vanderbilt Bldg. New York

YOUR WANTS
in every line

of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the CLASSIFIED COLUMNS OF THE OUTLOOK. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

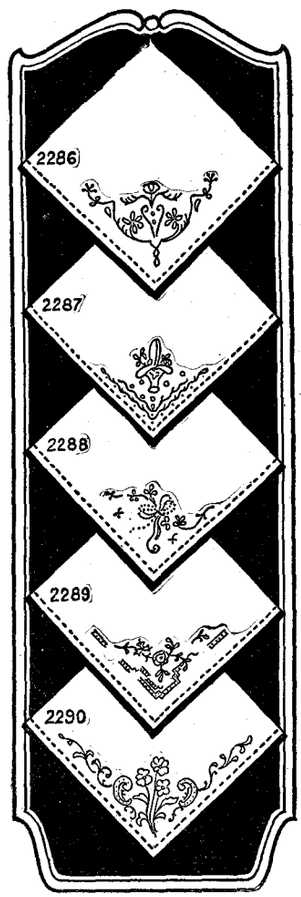
Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue New York

Handkerchiefs for Christmas at McCutcheon's

This year, in spite of War conditions, our stock of Pure Linen Handkerchiefs for the Holidays is larger than ever before because we ordered very heavily two years ago, in anticipation of the present Linen shortage, and before the price of Linen advanced so sharply.

We are, therefore, in a position to offer our patrons *unusual values* in Holiday Handkerchiefs. All are of *pure Linen*, as McCutcheon Handkerchiefs have been for the past 63 years.

We counsel early selection while stocks are complete.



McCutcheon Pure Linen Handkerchiefs $1.00 each, postpaid

Initialed Handkerchiefs

For Women—$3.00, 4.00, 6.00 to 12.00 the dozen.

For Men—$6.00, 7.80, 9.00, 12.00 and 15.00 the dozen.

For Children—3 for 65 cents.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs

From France, Ireland, Switzerland, Spain and Madeira. We have never had a more beautiful assortment, and the values have never been better.

For Children—All white, and white with colored borders, 25c, 50c, 75c, and $1.00 each, and up.

For Women—All white, and with colored borders, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, and $1.00 each, and up.

Khaki Handkerchiefs

Pure Linen, of good serviceable quality and generous in size, 65c and 75c each.

Orders by mail filled promptly

Handkerchief purchases are delivered in dainty McCutcheon boxes suitable for presentation purposes.

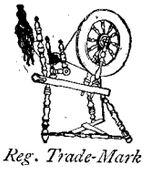
We respectfully suggest that in so far as possible you act on the Government's request that Christmas shopping be done in October and November this year.

Our illustrated Fall and Winter Catalogue, which will be sent gladly on request, is full of sensible Christmas Gift suggestions.

James McCutcheon & Co.

The Greatest Treasure House of Linens in America

Fifth Avenue, 34th & 33d Sts., New York



Reg. Trade-Mark

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BY THE WAY

Mrs. Humphry Ward, in her Recollections published in "Harper's Magazine," gives this unstinted praise to America in speaking of her visit here in 1908: "Our week at Washington . . . our first acquaintance with Mr. Roosevelt, then at the White House, and with American men of politics and affairs, like Mr. Root, Mr. Garfield, and Mr. Bacon—set, all of it, in spring sunshine, amid a sheen of white magnolias and May leaf—will always stay with me as a time of pleasure, unmixed and unspoilt, such as one's fairy godmother seldom provides without some medicinal drawback!"

The hundreds of new ships that are being built must have cooks as well as sailors, and the United States Shipping Board is training young men for this work. Some of the Board's advice to the new cooks is interesting:

Never have sticky plates or dishes. Use very hot water for washing them.

Keep your hands very clean. Try to prevent your nails from getting black or discolored.

Don't *scatter* in your galley; clean up as you go; put scalding water into each saucepan as you finish using it.

Never scrub the inside of a frying-pan; rub it with wet silver-sand; rinse it out well with hot water afterwards.

Keep sink and sink-brush very clean. Do not throw cabbage water down sink; throw it away, as its smell is very bad.

Clean coppers with turpentine and fine brickdust, rubbed on with flannel. Clean tin with soap and whiting mixed, made into a thick cream with hot water.

The type of young men the Board is training for the job of cook on its ships will no doubt elevate the profession until the phrase "son of a sea cook" will become one of praise instead of contumely.

"We have entered upon a social era," Charles M. Schwab is reported to have said recently, "in which the aristocracy of the future will be men who have done something for humanity and for their nations. There will be no rich or poor. The rich men are learning this—and I am a rich man, I'm told. But there has never been a time in my life that I had the sense of possession or that my riches gave me any happiness. It is the doing of something useful that has made me happy."

"One often hears," writes an old New Yorker, "complaints about the rudeness of manners in New York City. Two little incidents that happened to me recently are to be placed on the other side of the balance. I tried in vain to replace a large glass stopper for a bottle. I finally went into a big wholesale drug house. I hesitated to ask the busy clerks about so trivial a matter. At last I spoke to one of them. 'Glass stoppers of that size are scarce now,' he said. 'But perhaps you could use a large wooden plug. I'll see if I can find one for you in the cellar.' To my astonishment this man left his desk and went down cellar to accommodate a stranger. He soon brought me a wooden stopper. 'I don't know whether that will answer,' he said, politely, 'but you are welcome to it.' That man's act offsets a good many discourtesies."

"The other incident was this," the old New Yorker continued. "I had to go to Platt Street. I asked several people to direct me, but got mixed up. Finally I hailed an express-wagon driver. 'An expressman,' I said to him, 'ought to know the streets. Will you kindly tell me where Platt Street is?' The man actually got down from his wagon to direct me! And he was the only man that seemed to know. How many New Yorkers, by the way, can tell where Platt Street begins and ends, and whether it runs parallel with or at right angles to Broadway?"

"We hear a lot of joking about the shortage of marriageable men on account of the war," Senator Smith, of Georgia, is credited with saying, "and I guess it must be true, judging from a proposal I just heard of from my State. Here was how the girl worked it on her bashful suitor: 'There goes our minister,' she said. 'He's very poor. I wish I could hand him a five.' 'Let me do it,' exclaimed the youth, unsuspectingly, in a fervor of benevolence. 'Oh, Archie, this is so sudden,' bubbled the sweet young thing, and what chance did he have?"

Speaking of the waste of labor in China, Dr. Walter E. Weyl says: "It is a sobering, even a tragic, sight to watch, hour after hour, the interminable lines of sweating, overstrained coolies loading the coke from the river boats and carrying it on their shoulders to the furnace [in the great Hankow iron works]. The intense labor is enervating, devitalizing—and useless; machinery would do the work more efficiently. The work costs from five to ten times as much as in an American mill where wages are twenty times as high."

A report has lately been received on the sale of the two pounds of White House wool apportioned to Alaska in connection with the second war fund drive by the Red Cross. A check came with the report, and it was for the sum of $5,881.75, which was the price the wool brought for the cause in that enthusiastic section of Uncle Sam's domain. Alaska topped all the States in the Union in its White House wool record.

A French comic paper contains this bit of Gallic humor: First Boulevardier: "Why did you avoid looking at that gentleman when he passed?" Second: "He is my doctor, and as I haven't been sick for three years I feel very uncomfortable when he passes."

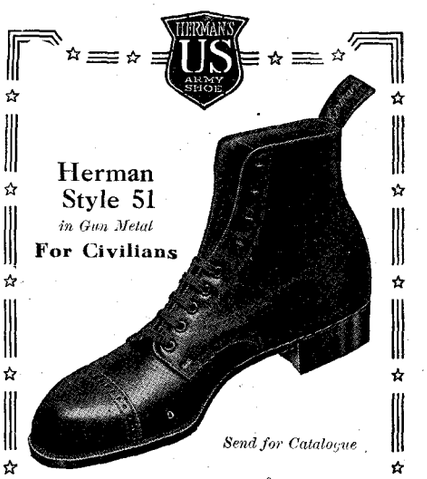
With reference to a recent paragraph in this column about Noah's ark, a subscriber points out that Genesis vii. 2 calls for *seven* pairs of clean beasts and birds, not two pairs, and that therefore the ark might have been crowded, after all. One of the latest authorities, Hastings's "Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics," says on this subject:

Most of us have from childhood, through the influence of pictures and toy arks, been accustomed to imagine Noah's Ark as a great vessel with a huge raised hold in the middle. But there is nothing in the Bible narrative to suggest anything of the kind. The Ark was rather a huge box with a closed door and dark windows. Large as this box was, it was infinitely too small to contain sevens of all clean animals and pairs of unclean animals. . . . The whole is narrated in a simple childlike way by those who evidently did not see the difficulties and obviously could not have seen them then as we see them now.

The persistence of Noah's fame is indicated by the following story clipped from "Tit-Bits:"

A khaki-clad driver was trying to drive a mule, drawing a load of laundry, through a hospital gate. The mule would do anything but pass through the gate. "Want any 'elp, chum?" shouted one of the hospital orderlies. "No," replied the driver, "but I'd like to know how Noah got two of these blighters into the Ark!"

For stirpicultural reasons, it is needless to add, Noah and his crew didn't have to trouble themselves with a pair of mules when they were assembling their cargo.



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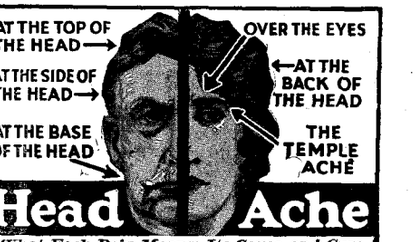
AT THE TOP OF THE HEAD
OVER THE EYES
AT THE SIDE OF THE HEAD
AT THE BACK OF THE HEAD
AT THE BASE OF THE HEAD
THE TEMPLE ACHE
Head Ache

What Each Pain Means: Its Cause and Cure
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